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LITERATURE

A Collection of Tuscan Proverbs—[*Raccolta di Proverbi Toscani*]. With Illustrative Notes. By Giuseppe Giusti. (Florence.)

A full and judicious collection of Proverbs, especially in a language which lends itself freely and gracefully to such sententious condensation of work-a-day wisdom and experience, is nothing less than a key to the inner life of the people that uses them. The tendencies of national character may be closely estimated by what is and by what is *not* laid down "for reproof or doctrine" in these its household words. The proverbial strictures of the Hindu will in all likelihood make up for an over-lenienty to lying and false witness, by coming down with twenty sledge-hammer power on "sins they have no mind to"; and one would hardly think that the Kaffer proverbs, if such there be, would insist too strongly on the distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*.

The habits and modes of life, the very scenery and sky-tints around the people in whose breath these sentences live, seem to colour and invest them with a peculiarly local charm.

Italy is especially rich in proverbs, rich in proportion as in these latter days she has lagged behind the rapid onward march of modern popular literature,—for the remarks made above will be found to apply to any people with a force proportioned to their deficiency in a more developed intellectual culture. Nearly six thousand Tuscan proverbs are collected in the volume before us, although of course a great proportion of them under somewhat modified forms are common to all Italy, and have their equivalents in the languages of other countries. The Italian proverbs, moreover, are peculiarly happy in a quaint and apposite grace, which the malleable character of the *dolce favella* rounds off in numerous instances with a rhymed flourish that hitches it on the hearer's memory with a double charm. The poet Giusti, the fervent admirer and fearless transmitter of the homespun idiom of the Tuscan hills, was not slow to feel the value of such proverbial wealth, and a game at "proverbs" with some Florentine friends seems to have first set him on forming the present collection, three thousand of which, with most of the commentaries and notes, were found among his posthumous papers, and about two thousand five hundred more have been added to his incomplete work, the whole being prefaced by an easy pleasant dedicatory letter by Giusti to his friend Andrea Francioni. Both the writer and the destined receiver of the letter were dust long before its publication in the volume before us. Francioni, it seems, was a member of the Accademia della Crusca, and the mere fact of the dedication of such a work to a distinguished unit of that most learned and intellectually straitlaced assembly, significantly points to the spread of that more catholic code of literary laws which is ever happily gaining ground more and more on the sunny side of the Alps. In the course of his letter Giusti adduces a curious proof of the prevalence of proverbial phrases in the Tuscan idiom.—

I had long since begun [he tells his friend] to note down day by day all the proverbs which I heard in conversing with the lower orders of the people, and especially with the peasantry. * * And here you should remark one curious circumstance. These proverbs are now so commonly known and, as it were, incorporated with the language, that you may constantly hear people say in the course of conversation, "You know what the proverb

says," and so go on talking without further allusion to it, leaving us to understand by that omission that the phrase is well known to every one, and therefore needs no repetition. * * I have a thousand times asked uneducated persons the meaning of such and such a proverb, and when taking it thus singly they have been unable to answer me, but no sooner had I inquired under what circumstances they were wont to use it than they were ready and able to give me perfect satisfaction on the subject. * * One evening, at Florence, at one of the few houses yet enlivened (to the great loss of the *Faro-table*) by the merry but now very *ungenited* and old-fashioned game of forfeits, I made one of a party who were playing at proverbs. We all of us, men and women, sat in a circle, and threw a handkerchief from one to the other,

The little bird flew on, flew on,
But he did not perch on me,
He went and perched on such a one,
And thus said he.

Here they throw the handkerchief into the lap of the person intended, and repeat a proverb, and it must be repeated quickly, and not have been said by any one before, or pain of a forfeit. Now I, who am country born and bred, and am still, thank Heaven, afflicted with the nostalgia of my first impressions, hearing that deluge of proverbs, and seeing with what readiness those quick-witted, lively girls found means of teasing one another, of bullying the lovesick, making game of the cross-grained, and getting up a hearty laugh at the expense of this one's wig and that one's cap,—I confess that I entered into the sport with my whole heart, and I may say that from that moment I began this collection, seeing that as soon as I returned home I set myself to write down all the proverbs I could remember to have heard that evening.

Poor Giusti had intended, he tells his friend, to have continued the work of collection during his whole life, and he exhorts all such of his countrymen as love their language to do likewise, rejoicing over his homely treasures with genuine patriotic exclusivism; and winding up his letter with a touching expression of affectionate pride at belonging to a country "which keeps in its wardrobe, over and above its holiday garb, such a *robe de chambre* as this for every-day use." And now to justify our previous remarks on the comprehensive view of national character and tendencies to be found in so valuable a storehouse of proverbs as this, where the greater part have been gathered, as it were, with the dew yet on them, in a country where mother wit is still the rule and *book-learning* the exception, even among the middle classes of society. It is, of course, impossible, within the limits at our command, to do more than give a few samples, taken almost at haphazard from amid the vast mass of quaint and often picturesquely local sayings which this book contains. Not a few of those which come under the heading of "Government, Statesmanship, &c.," give curious glimpses of the popular view of such matters in the old stirring days of Republican Florence, as, for instance, "*chi dice parlamento, dice guastamento*,"—in which sentence *parlamento* must not be understood to mean parliament, in our sense of the word, but rather *palaver*, according to the phraseology of the Redskins, being the assembling of the people on the Piazza before the Palazzo Vecchio in public emergencies,—an event which always preceded changes in the government, and consequent disaster to the citizens' lives and purses. So that the translation of the proverb may run thus:—"For public deliberation, read loss and ruination"; or again, in no very complimentary spirit to the dynasty who sleep in porphyry and lapis-lazuli at San Lorenzo,—

God give your highness long to reign!
The next comer's sure to be worse again.

It seems as though we heard and saw the

shrewd Florentine craftsman of old days slyly muttering the second line to himself with reverential obeisance, and satirical forefinger laid lengthwise against the side of his nose, as the armed and gilded train of some magnificent Cosimo or Lorenzo sweeps clattering down the cool dimness of his narrow by-street towards the broad sunny Piazza, noisy no more with "parlamenti."

The Tuscan peasant is no dull-witted clod-pole; a full share of shrewdness mingles with the gracious *bonhomie* which so pleasantly stands him in stead of artificial breeding. Could the most courtly of Rochefoucaulds more dexterously insinuate the necessity for a little opportune time-serving than does countryified "*Gianni*" or "*Meo*" when he inculcates such favourite precepts as "Give every saint his candle;" or "The dog earns his living by wagging his tail;" or again, "*Tis a good file that cuts the iron without grating*"—*"Love, deceit, and hunger are masters of rhetoric"*—

He that is slow to feign
Will never come to reign.

Another sly hit in this last, by the way, at the notorious want of faith which characterized the whole race of their rulers.

It is curious to compare the tone of morality displayed in these proverbs with that which pervades the *Ricordi*, or *Maxims*, of Guicciardini, the recent publication of which we noticed in these columns a few months back. In such comparisons the advantage is indisputably on the side of the plebeian rather than the aristocratic moralist. A petty temporizing spirit of calculation runs through most of the great historian's maxims, which often descends even to suggestions of palpable dishonesty in word and deed. The countryman's rules of right, on the contrary, are for the greater part free-hearted and open-handed. Prudence and caution are, indeed, favourite saints in his calendar, but we find no lack either of such as exhort to generous impulse and helpful loving kindness.

Says Guicciardini, "Do all you can to *seem* good, and the better shall it be for you." In another place, speaking of gratitude in return for favours received, he says, "Look for assistance only to those who are so situated that they *must needs* serve you, and not to such as you have served," &c. How infinitely higher and nobler is "*Gianni's*" standard of moral worth when he says, "Goodness takes up no room;" and better still, "Whoso doeth good, hath goods;" or, with honest trust in his fellow-creatures' gratitude, "Service kindles love"—"He that gives discreetly sells dear"—"Alms-giving never made any man poor"—"Helpfulness never comes home without his wages." And what a noble refutation we find of Guicciardini's perfidious counsel, "Deny stoutly what you would not have known, or affirm in like manner what you wish to be believed, because though there be many contradictions, nay, almost certainties against you, your doing so may gain over the judgment of him at least who hears you." Now listen to *Gianni's* homely jingle on the other side of the question,

Clean lips and even hand,
Go free through every land.

Such sentences, and dozens like them, give remarkable proof of the standard of morality among the Tuscan nobles having sunk, even in Guicciardini's time, lamentably below that of the rural population. We have already seen that the *Contadino* considers it no sin to apply a little soft sawdust on occasion to such as may advance his fortunes, and only too truly conceives that "The world is his who knows how to come round it." Yet he winces nervously under the application of any such anodyne

treatment to himself, and warily pronounces that—

He who beyond his wont is gracious to thee,
Be sure he has undone or would undo thee;

or exhorts thus, "Do not give a dog bread for every wag of his tail," for he knows that "Where the tongue licks, there the tooth pricks."

A remarkably large number of Tuscan proverbs are, with unusual sincerity and self-knowledge, especially aimed at the itch for evil speaking and slandering, which forms so grievous a blot on the national character that the very confessor's manual enjoins him strenuously to warn his penitents against any mention of their neighbour's backsidings as against a heinous sin, however well deserved the strictures may be. Here are a few samples from among as many score,—"Tongue is the worst meat that is"—"God keep thee from the cat that licks thee before and tears thee behind." And here are two Southern versions of our adage against stone-throwing—"He who strews thorns should not go barefoot"—"If you have a straw tail keep clear of the fire." Again we find an admirably well pickled rod for the whole race of Candours and Snarrewells all over the world—"He who plays Argus to another man's honour is as blind as a mole to his own." And further on, a warning which savours more of prudence than gallantry—

A neighing mule and a snarling dame,
The one will kick thee, the other defame.

We have said that caution ranks as a cardinal virtue with the Tuscan peasant. He is skittishly averse to assuming other folks' burdens or needless liabilities, and considers that, "The best fun is to stand on level ground, and hie the dogs up the hill." A pleasant dash of local colour enlivens the following scornful illustration of the troubles of those whose simplicity pays the scot of their craftier neighbours—

The crucifix and the biggest sconces
Fall to the lot of the greatest dunces;

a hint taken from the frequent rural processions of the country, in which the carrying of the huge massive crucifix and "lanternoni," or heavy gilded "conveniences" for candles, up and down the steep paved lanes that wind about the hill sides, must be no sinecure even to the most devout penitent.

The Tuscan, of whatever grade he be, thinks it no shame to look narrowly after his domestic economy, and despises those who deem such cares beneath their dignity. He keeps "one eye on the pot, and one eye on the cat," and considers that "Better is a rushlight before than a torch behind." He thinks a thrifty spirit indispensable to all good housekeeping. To this end, he says that "Whoso stretches him beyond the sheet, his feet go bare;" or, "He that would feast on the Saint's Day, must fast on the Vigil," seeing that "A little kitchen makes a great house," and that "When the father keeps Carnival the sons must needs observe Lent."

The *Contadino*, however, has eyes for better things than the main chance, and displays a spice of chivalrous respect for women in his softer moods, which may well shame down the lax and cynical morality too prevalent among the "upper ten" of his countrymen. Here is a specimen of it:—

He whom a good woman loves
Wears arms of proof where'er he roves.

—And again, with a tender philosophy which argues well for his chance of domestic peace,—

Love is the fount of good and evil.

—He has also a hearty appreciation of the sweetness of familiar home ties. Witness the following:—

The brightest love is still the nearest,
Morn and Eve it shines the clearest;

—or this—

Home! Home! however small thou be
An abbey thou dost seem to me.

—In direct opposition to the time-honoured practice of Italy, we have this:—

Ladies' men and coxcombs light
Drudge like porters day and night.

—“Ladies' men” being the nearest approach we can find to the “*Cicisbei*” of the original, for which word we have, happily, no equivalent in our language.

The true love of the South, however, like its sun, has shadows all the blacker for its brightness. Here we find it recorded that—

Jealousy, madness, and heresy.
Three ills without a cure they be.

—The mention of heresy as the third member of the ill-omened triad, significantly points to the small chance that always exists of Rome getting her own again in the hearts of the people, where once the perilous wedge of liberal opinion has found a chink in her infallibility.

Among the mass of proverbs on the subject of matrimony, are to be found axioms suited to every Benedict's need. Honest Col. Dobbin, in the first heyday of his long-delayed possession of priceless Mrs. Amelia, will find vent for his feelings in such as this:—

The madman, how'er mad he be,
To the distaff bends the knee.

—For “distaff” read, the lovable home-keeping housewife, the “virtuous woman” of Solomon, whose gentle sway can rule the wildest spirit. At the next page, the disconsolate partner of Becky Sharpe may comfort himself by the bitter assurance that “He who takes an eel by the tail and a woman by the tongue, is sure to come off empty-handed;” or, that he must expect to find pretty much the same chastening influences in “A rod for the child, and a wife for the man.” Long-suffering Tuscan Caudles, too, are not without their pathetic utterances, witness the following lament:—“The bed-chamber bell is the weariest sound a man can have in his ears.” But there are, it seems, south of the Alps, certain savage and unreclaimed old bachelors who are wont to console their loneliness by such growls at womankind as—

Lazy if tall,
Cross-grained if small;
If handsome, vain,
Shocking if plain.

To pass on to a graver subject. There is no lack of evidences of a God-fearing spirit scattered up and down in a great number of these sentences. A spirit, which like many of the social virtues of the Tuscan people, seems to have struggled on for centuries *quandmème* in the very teeth of calculated misguidance and evil influences without end. But not a few of the proverbs wander sadly astray from the orthodoxy of holy Mother Church, as for instance,—

He that keeps fasts, and else doth naught but evil,
Has bread to spare, but straight goes to the Devil;

—or again “To fast is good, to forgive better.” The following, too, smacks of pestilent heresy: “The gate of heaven is not to be broken with a golden hammer;” or, “We can carry nothing with us to the other world, save the good we have done.” But as a curious instance, among many, of the intimate connexion between the religious observances of the Church and the most familiar circumstances of the peasant's every-day life, we may take the following, totally unintelligible as it would be to our ears without its appended note:—

At yon men of Galilee,
I doff the clothes that burden me.

In other terms, about Ascension Day, or the beginning of May, when the words, *Ye men of Galilee*, occur in the Gospel for the day, the weather grows too warm to continue to wear winter clothing. Be it remembered, however,

that not one in a thousand of those that use the words has any idea of their scriptural source. If we would have a sermon in four words on the vanity of earthly possessions, what more pregnant than “Shrouds have no pockets”? or, where shall we find a nobler profession of faith than—

Work as if thou hadst to live for aye;
Worship as thou wert to die to-day?

On every phase of human life we could go on quoting pithy sentences by the score, but our waning limits caution us to draw this notice to a close. We must, however, find room for three or four of the proverbs classed under the head of “Government, Statesmanship, and the like,” because many of them contain indications of the secret springs which regulate the Tuscan character for good and evil. A whole world of social history, for instance, is wrapped up in this somewhat unsavoury envelope—“The fish begins to stink from the head;” and here is an outburst of bitter experience of the blessings of political espionage. “Old rogues make new spies.” Further on, too, is a crafty saying of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who did not fail as an accomplished classic scholar to know the full value of a priestly translation of “Panem et Circenses”—“Bread and Saints' Days stop the people's mouth.” But close at hand, by way of commentary on his dictum, comes the following—“When a blind man bears the banner, woe to those that come after him.” And this, again, as by way of significant codicil, “Water and the people are not to be held in.” Among the political proverbs there are plenty to prove that in Tuscany at least the taste for *pronunciamientos*, for their own sake, is by no means so strong as other countries too often consider it to be throughout Italy; for instance, “Good order is bread,—disorder, starvation”—“Whoso builds on the mob builds on a quicksand.” And again, “Union is the strongest city wall.” But as an unmistakeable signs of a state of society under which it is hard to lie quiet, take a couple of definitions of Tuscan legal honesty—“Justice is like a man's nose, it turns whichever way you pull it.” Or this, “Donatus breaks Justus's head,” containing a grave pun upon two Christian names in common use, and merely signifying Donations (or bribery) break the power of Justice. We were not aware till now that the ancestors of the illustrious Vicar of Bray were born in the shadow of Giotto's Campanile, and date from a period of high antiquity. Witness the following proverb—

Though Guelph I be, as Ghibelline I show;
I turn my cloak as the best bidders go.

But it is high time to leave the tempting gleanings which remain in this volume of Proverbs for such of our readers as feel an interest in mapping out, by the aid of these landmarks, the popular characteristics of the Tuscan people. Every State of Italy has its own home treasury of proverbial sayings, and Sicily in particular possesses an especially rich and picturesque collection, to which we may perhaps return on some future occasion.

Ballytubber; or, a Scotch Settler in Ireland; with Advice to his Countryman. By Virgilius Penman. (Houlston & Wright.)

This is an ultra-Scotch and very parochial book of advice to Scotch farmers intending to settle in Ireland. It is heavy, full of dreary attempts at humour, utterly unimaginative and ponderous, and yet perhaps worth reading as the result of real experience. The book sprang from a bundle of letters, written by the author to an intending settler, full of shrewd hints and shallow, prejudiced invective; these letters afterwards appeared in a newspaper, and now,

sewn together as rags are to make a patchwork quilt, form the first volume of an anti-Celtic series.

The book is addressed to those adventurous Scotchmen who, pursuing the natural emigrating instinct of their race, set out with much cunning and little money—A Bible, a clean shirt, and a borrowed walking-stick—to cozen the world. We suppose the adventurous Quentin Durward landed at Belfast, and escaped from the jaws of ragged, mud-dripping gossoons, badged ticket-porters, and those jaunting-cars made after the fashion of Boadicea's war-chariots. Here are his first angry reflections:—

"The good earth marred and mangled by tortuous mud-fences and engulfing ditches; acres here and there licked, like the bear's cubs, into shape—if the 'lazy bed' possess any—by the labour of Goths; fields out at knees and elbows, suspended, as it were, in a state of *limbo* between the poor's-house and debtor's court; and—allowance for a few exceptional spots—what is not thus cooked up into a kind of agricultural hotch-potch, is generally found stretching out in a dwarf-jungle of rank weeds. Ireland, ay—no mistaking thee! you soliloquize as you again enter the thoroughfares of the city—streets and by-ways ankle deep with mire, squirting through the naked toes of a half-mendicant generation—strutting pride, in arrogant swagger, shouldering its dominieering way through crowds of human scarecrows in rags and vermin—shop-floors like stables, littered over with straw and *muck*, with doors beset with ferocious beggars, and idle, light-fingered loungers—mud and filth everywhere, from Misses' boot-laces (*ne sutur ultra crepidam*) to the attic window-sash—unwashed thresholds, windowless houses, obscene walls, and pestilential cabins in tumble-down roofs, with smoke and fodor escaping as best they can, through crevices and door."

Now we need not say that a man must be an "ass fool" who reads his first Irish sentence thus ungraciously,—who, looking for rags, filth, knavery, and pride, does not recognize with the delight of discovery the quick wit, the lightning return of repartee, the poetry even in abuse, the religion, the patriotic warmth, however misdirected, of the poorest, but happiest, people in the world.

The same determined attempt to abuse is seen in the following description of the country between Dublin and Belfast:—

"The country from Belfast to within a few leagues of Dublin, with here and there a solitary and indifferent exception, presents but little to interest or gratify the eye of a Lothian farmer. At home, his trim hedges and economical walls, his capacious fields, with their straight and arrowy ridges, tapering downwards from crown to furrow, without break or swerve from end to end in each declining and receding sod—resembling a beautiful piece of art wrought upon a field of mahogany—afford an amazing contrast with the sorry attempts at tillage, the petty enclosures, and con-acre patchings with idle headlands, encompassed by wasteful fences, crooked and tortuous, as if formed upon the trail of a snail, which here come in panoramic order before the carriage window. Nor is the poverty of the soil, which in several localities is of a sound and fertile quality, the worst feature in the landscape. Generally destitute of the ornament of wood, and, what is worse, of decent habitations for the agricultural population, in prospect it is pitiful in the extreme."

About Dublin the writer is dull. At Skibbereen in King's County we find him in search of a farm. Mr. Borax, the agent, requires references. The landlord of the inn gives him some wrinkles:—

"'Why,' adds he, 'I suppose your countrymen don't understand our ways of doing business here. Farms are often put into the newspapers for a long time to meet the landlord's eye, while all the time they are engaged to some one at a certain rent, or intended to be retained in the agent's own hands. Besides, we are not fond of *dry* bargains in these

parts. If I wanted a farm I would cross the agent's palm with my blessing, and then I should get a little bit my own way. Your countrymen don't like that sort of thing; but to get on in this country, you must do as Rome does. Mr. Borax, sir, is a big man among the gentry around; is a great judge of animals and farming entirely, and likes a deal of homage. He has himself one or two of the best farms upon the estate. But to be plain with you, sir, few of our agents like your countrymen as tenants: you are all too knowing and independent for them, and our Irish tenants don't like them either, because, they say, they raise the rent of land; but the labourers like them; because they give great employment and have raised the wages, only they make them work for their money."

At last he takes a farm in Kildare, has the lease examined by a respectable attorney, and ascertains the head-rents and arrears of taxes due on the land. Troubles begin. Sheep are stolen, sheep shorn, horses' tails cut off, farm servants are idle and irregular, one man falls off the plough horse, and another frightens his team till they run away. The house, situate in the vale of the Liffey, near the ruins of a square fortlet, is thus described:—

"Consisting of three apartments, all upon the ground-floor, and entered by one main door, its internal construction was of the simplest order; possessing two fireplaces, without grates, placed at the extremities of the building; three doors, two of which were mounted upon leather hinges; three small windows, one-fourth of the area of which is 'wooden panes of glass,' a thatched roof, upborne by spliced and fractured rafters, grim, black, and sweaty as the shades of Erebus, from years of inveterate smoke, and resting upon walls as if perforated by shot, gaping with rents, into which even an additional nail being driven would, probably, have proved as disastrous to its inmates as the voice of the pilgrim has been with the avalanche. 'Suit the button to the cloak,' is a homely and wise proverb; as the house then so the furniture—a few rustic chairs, two or three deal tables, some comfortable bedding, a few culinary requisites, a case of good wine, a wooden fire on the hearth, with fender of the same metal, cut from a neighbouring elm, comprehended nearly the sum-total of the *meubles de maison*. Thus furnished and provided, our Scotch 'laird' opened house in Ireland."

After a great deal of starched sentimentalism, the author, opening his steward's book and chatting over the items, gets once more rational and discourses shrewdly enough of the difference between Scotch and Irish labourers.—

"In Scotland, a good workman will perform as much of any farm labour in one day as an ordinary one here will do in three days, and this to better purpose. Often this great difference arises, not so much from a want of application, as from the inferiority of tools in use, and the want of order and system in his operations. From this last defect alone, a loss of thirty per cent. upon his time may often be computed. Female labour is still higher in proportion. In Scotland, two women at a wage of one shilling each, on favourable soil, will *thin* or *single* an acre of turnip-land in one day. In Ireland, five women, at a rate of eightpence each, will not do as much in two days. In *reaping*, one man and two women in Scotland will cut over an acre of corn in ten hours; here, five men will not do as much within the same time: yet Irish reapers, when on the opposite shore, are not commonly found so deficient in comparison with their neighbours, but there they have examples set before them, and rules to which they must conform. Here, also, the cost of blacksmith and carpenter work is proportionably higher. On this ground, then, the Irish workmen are better paid than their neighbours."

Emancipation and Maynooth Grant have only, says our quietly violent writer, made the Cerberus to whom they were thrown more greedy and ferocious. The population he looks upon as perceptibly degenerating. He laments, justly enough, the use of the potato, an easily-cultivated, idle, uncertain crop, the destruction of

which has done good. So has the downfall of the Forty-Shilling Franchise. Though always taking the part of landlords who have kept one of the most beautiful parts of Great Britain a swampy desert, the author does sometimes allow a fault. He denies, too, the productivity of Irish soil, and declares that though deep it has no real mettle or vitality. He also wastes time in warming up old arguments in favour of absenteeism.

With all this we close the book with the sensation of having spent an hour not altogether wasted with a shrewd, bitter, grumbling, rather prosing, literary agriculturist, of no very wide views or high feelings.

History of Marie Antoinette—[*Histoire, &c.*].

By Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. (Didot.) It matters little how, or when, or by whom certain lives are written—by whom certain women are described—the tale of their adventures whether it be told meagrely or the reverse—whether by partisan or philosopher, by poet or by proses, always comes out "as good as new."—There is no end to Mary Queen of Scots, whether she be treated as martyr or intriguer, as sacrificed or sacrificing. There is none to Marie Antoinette. The "Maries" have been romantic, if not fortunate, Queens in France, as in England; and this new book, though by no means the best on the subject which has been given, or the best put forth by its writers, may hold those who read it in thrall, just as if they had never heard of Campan, of Carlyle, or De Staél, or (to sink in the scale of veracity) of the wonderful French romances from the Dumas factory,—just as if they had not studied for themselves the just balance betwixt the violences of *Père Duchesne*, the brutalities of the Carmagnole concerning "Madame Veto,"—and the Austrian insolence of *King Maria Theresa*'s daughter.

The MM. Goncourt are avowed, picturesque defenders of Queen Marie Antoinette of France; they bring proofs (after their kind), and fresh letters and abundant references in the way of footnotes, which no critic, unless he were arithmetical as Cocker or bilious as Croker, can by any possibility test at a moment's warning.—Our distrust of this book refers a little to the habits of its writers, who appear to fly at every game—"Predestination or sea silk," and to have a wondrous power of producing that very literary ware, historical, picturesque, or antiquarian, which, beyond all other wares, defies rapid production. In their newest monograph, however, there are some curious blanks.—We had a right to expect more concerning the training of the Dauphiness in the Court of Vienna than we find here. Her Imperial mother had possibly something to answer for in discipline, or want of discipline, which brought in its train the unpopularity which darkened round the French Queen,—as well as the royal husband lucklessly chosen,—as well as the terrible state of society which came as a heritage together with the crown of France. When Maria Theresa allowed herself, for policy's sake, to flatter a French King's mistress, she was knocking a nail into the scaffold on which a French Queen's head was to fall.—The haughtiness, frivolity, licence, and intrigue which characterized the great world of Vienna formed a fatal preparatory atmosphere for one called to a lot so distinguished, yet so difficult, as Marie Antoinette of Austria.—Without exacting any prenatural research from the MM. de Goncourt, we had a right to expect a far better opening chapter than the one which they have produced. Virtually, their story only begins within that French pavilion where, on the 7th

of May, 1770, the young Archduchess disrobed herself of every fragment of home attire, in order to belong, thenceforward and solely, to the country of her adoption.

Another blank occurs at a later period, which is yet more unaccountable. Surely the details of the flight to Varennes—so traversed by perversities, strangely frivolous and petty in one who, at other calamitous junctures, showed herself so proud and so present to herself—should not have been passed over as is here the case.—Whether the great dressing-case of the Queen, without which she was not to stir, even when endeavouring to escape from an infuriated mob, did not cost her her life—who shall say? The lingering, the bungling, the disguise without disguise, and then the last fatal moment when the fugitives had to return to their dungeon, make, at all events, too curious a comment on court intelligence and court fidelity to be overlooked in such a story as this.—Can they have been hurried over because they may be thought to have indicated some of the weaknesses of one whom our historians choose to drape as a heroine? The omission is a strange one.

Even Mary Stuart's life was less an object of struggle betwixt the Fairies and the Fates than that of Maria Theresa's daughter,—“*L'Autrichienne*” as her subjects (who) came to loathe her and long for her blood) contemptuously called one who in her youth and early days of royalty seems to have stirred admiration, if not passion, in every one who beheld her.—Who has forgotten Horace Walpole's compliment to her in his Ossory Correspondence, date 1775?—“It was impossible to see anything but the Queen.” * * She is a statue of beauty, when standing or sitting; grace itself when she moves. * * They say she does not dance in time,—but then it is wrong to dance in time.”—She was passionately fond of music, yet she sang badly. She had fascination at her command, yet when was ever woman so hated? It would appear as if Nemesis had reserved all the popular odium due to the Montespans, Parabères, Pompadours (dames of easy virtue, whose “function” we saw M. Capefigue, the royalist, not many weeks ago attempting to defend) to be discharged with compound interest and bitterness on her head. The people who had accepted the venal and shameless frailty of the mistresses—the philosophers who had simpered and rhymed, and bent their backs (not even excluding such liberals as Voltaire), to the unblushing profligates who helped to ruin France—hungered and thirsted for all such scandals, and rumoured frailties and tales of extravagant caprices, as could blacken the reputation of the graceful and beautiful royal wife. Yet her greatest crime (her defenders have sworn) was merely to have arrived at her throne after France was ruined. Few caprices of Destiny have been stranger than this; few contrasts, however, are more ghastly, yet fuller of monition, than the last agonies of Madame Dubarry struggling with her executioner on the scaffold, and the calmness of *Veuve Capet* during her ignominious imprisonment and hateful execution. If Marie Antoinette ordered some of the concerns of her life badly;—she knew how to atone for her folly by dying with the dignity of a woman and a Queen. Even this, however, has been disputed by those whose partizanship, having gone far to defend the sentence, would go further still, and strip the victim of such decorum as in the last awful hour of vengeance and of suffering insures his grave forgiving words and gentle thoughts.

That, however, which gives a certain value to the book before us is not the narration of known stories, of which somehow we never tire (such, for instance, as the intrigue of the diamond

necklace),—but a few letters from Marie Antoinette, which appear—we dare not speak more positively—to be published for the first time. They chiefly belong to the dark afternoon of the Queen's life, when all her Trianon gaiety and Versailles pride had waned and faded out,—when friends were to be counted solicitously in proportion as their numbers thinned,—when the woman, hurried as it were to the verge of the cataract, and aware of the abyss beneath, had from second to second to devise how she might avert the foundering of the now crazy bark (once seemingly a *Cleopatra's barge*) in which she had sailed down the stream. Thus they are little amusing, because chiefly indicative of alarm, presentiment, and emotion—when read, reminding us of those writings found on the walls of dungeons, which tell so concisely of the apprehension and suspense of the hearts that have perished there. The following, of a date anterior to the bursting of the storm, from the collection of the Marquis de Flers, is characteristic: there is “the Austrian lip” in it. The spelling, by the way, is according to the fashion of the time, which was not for persons of birth to trouble themselves over orthography. There is no address, but it was probably written to the King, at no long period before the death of the sickly Dauphin in 1789.—

I has been impossible for me, dear friend (*mon cher cœur*), to return from Trianon: my leg has been in too great pain. That which has happened with M. le Dauphin does not astonish me. From his earliest infancy the word “pardon” irritated him, and it is necessary to manage him very carefully when he is in one of his passions. I approve entirely what you have done; but let him be brought to me, and I will make him feel how all these rebellions afflict me. *Mon cher cœur*: our tenderness for this child must be strict. We must not forget that it is not for ourselves we are educating him, but for the country. First impressions are so strong in infancy, that in truth I am terrified when I think that we are bringing up a king. Adieu, *mon cher cœur*, you know whether or not I love you.

Well might the mother write with this sternness and self-denial who had been compelled to abide the pangs of childbirth under the eyes of a rabble of spectators—who had a sense, too, that the “right divine” of Kings and Queens, in France at least, was not what it had been; and who by this time might have gained a pretty distinct knowledge that her husband was not one to whom she must look for strength in the struggle. The other specimen we shall give from these letters bears a two years' later date, and speaks of increased apprehensions, without, however, increasing selfishness.—To those who have pictured to themselves, among other sights of the Terror, the fair hair of Madame de Lamballe waving round the pike on which her head was placed,—the prevision of the following, addressed to Madame de Lamballe during her absence in 1791, is touching:—

I repeat to you, my dear Lamballe, do not come back just now; my friendship for you is too much on the alarm. Matters do not take a better turn in spite of the acceptance of the Constitution, on which I had counted much. Stay with the good M. de Penthièvre, who has so much need of your care; if it was not for him, it would be impossible for me to make such a sacrifice, for I feel that every day my friendship for you increases with my fears. Pray God that time may set opinion to rights; but wicked people are spreading such atrocious calumnies, that I count on my courage rather than on the course of events. Adieu, then, my dear Lamballe. Know well that whether near or far, I love you, and am sure of your friendship.

The above, as expressions of emotion, will suffice by way of specimen of the new letters which the MM. Goncourt have raked together.

Their advocacy, already described as without question or qualification, will do nothing to settle the right or the wrong of accusation or of panegyric,—nothing to prove how far Maria Theresa's daughter was victim of education and circumstances,—how far, in place of commanding the storm which wrecked her, she contributed to conjure it up by her young frivolity, extravagance, pride, and conjugal infidelity. The tale, as every one knows, has been told both ways, and it is not in the notice of an ephemeral book like this that the best informed could venture to offer even a verdict on the evidence. But it is a tale which, be the book ever so ephemeral, will be read again and again and again—a tale over which tears will be shed, and, as Burke said, “swords leap out of the scabbard,”—a tale, finally, however told, having an incontestable moral and monition for those who attempt to govern that difficult people to govern—our neighbours and allies across the Channel.

Wyoming: its History, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventures. By George Peck, D.D. (New York, Harper & Brothers; London, Low & Co.)

THERE can be little doubt that if Campbell had seen the vale which he only fancied, or had conversed with the old inhabitants of the place, he would have written something better than a vague poem. Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, is a calm grassy valley, twenty miles long, shut in by hills a thousand feet high, between which winds the Susquehanna. The spot is full of legendary, and even tragic interest, to say nothing of its verse-inspiring name, and the effect which might be produced in a poem by a clever rhyme to Susquehanna. In Coleridge, with whom sound sometimes prevailed above sense, we know that the sound of the river of Wyoming originated a vision of universal equality; and one result of his vision the poet might have realized, when, in 1793, an agent was employed to purchase on the Susquehanna twelve hundred acres as an asylum for the household of Louis the Sixteenth. To Wyoming it was that, in 1793, the son of Philippe Égalité came on horseback, through “the wind-gap,” lodged in Wilkesbarre in the old red tavern, and was taught how to sleep “on the soft side of a board,”—a practice, the author of this volume shrewdly remarks, Louis-Philippe never wholly abandoned.

Indian foray and civil war, fratricidal feuds between Connecticut and Pennsylvania, make of Wyoming, in more senses than one, a Transatlantic Arcadia. For the lordship of the manor and tenant-right the children of William Penn and the Pilgrim Fathers fought; and though the natural point of difference has long been settled, the grudge between Yankee and Pennsylvania is alive at this day. The chronicles tell us part of the sad story; the remainder the author of this agreeable volume has collected from centenarian survivors. How the Yankee settlers were driven out, returned, and defended themselves in block-houses,—how Indian and Tory invaders fell on lonely Wyoming,—how the good women planted, made hay, husked and garnered the corn,—how they scoured muskets and even manufactured gunpowder, while their guidemen and fathers were out in the field,—and how, on a certain July afternoon in 1778, they watched a Spartan company of three hundred old men and boys (Col. Zebulon Butler at their head) march gaily forth from the fort, drums beating and colours flying, to their last battle. How, on that afternoon, the women and children listened by the river-side to the fierce volleys and the Indian yells, until the

silence and the scattered fire told them that the day was lost. Then the Colonel rode in, threw a feather bed across his horse, took up his wife behind him, and left the valley. The women and children took the way under the pine-trees, ever since known by the name of "the Shades of Death." With the supremacy of Pennsylvania in 1788, the romantic period of Wyoming ended. That period is the subject-matter of the volume before us. Therein are related the wars, wanderings, escapes, and heroisms of Wyoming men and women,—what is known about Col. Hollenback,—what was seen by Martha Myers,—and what was undergone by Frances Slocum. These details may in some of their parts recall events at Delhi and Cawnpore, only that here Indians in the employ of the British Government were the assailants, and American settlers the victims. Some of the details have a touch of the grotesque in them,—as in the chase of Col. Hollenback, and the "smartness" he displayed in saving a bill of exchange and his life:—

"He had thrown off his clothing in the chase, retaining, however, some Continental money and a bill of exchange. These he put in his hat, and a piece of gold in his mouth, and plunged into the river. The Indians immediately commenced firing at him. The balls struck the water on both sides of him. He dove and swam under water as long as he could hold his breath. Rising again to the surface, he swam for his life, dodging under the water at the flash of the gun. In one instance he was not quite quick enough. A ball grazed his skin, when he opened his mouth and lost his piece of gold. He, however, retained his hat, his Continental money, and his bill of exchange. He reached the eastern shore, and, supposing himself to be shot, he felt for the ball-hole, but found none. Entirely destitute of clothing, he reached the top of the bank, and entered the woods at what was called Cooper's Swamp. He there met Solomon Bennet, who had come out of the battle ahead of him. Bennet had his hunting-shirt and pantaloons, and Hollenback begged him to divide, which, with the characteristic generosity of a patriot and a soldier, he promptly did, giving him the hunting-shirt, and retaining the pantaloons for himself."

How Yankees who practised the principles of George Fox fared will be seen from the story of Captain Manning and his daughters:—

"Capt. Manning had raised a fine crop of corn, which he had stored away in the garret of his log-house. As he practised upon the principles of non-resistance, he could neither be a good Pennamite nor a good Yankee, and the consequence was that he was often persecuted by both, as one or the other happened to be in power. When Ogden took possession of the fort, some of 'the boys' laid a plan to rob Capt. Manning of his corn. The old Quaker had two buxom girls, one of whom, it was suspected, had a lover among 'the Pennsylvania boys,' and it was supposed that this fact would account for certain secret communications which were made to the Mannings with regard to the movements of the Pennamites. By some means, no matter what, the family got wind of the plundering expedition, and were thrown into great perplexities. The old gentleman could not fight, and as to magistrates and courts there were none to resort to. While he sat in the corner brooding over his helpless condition, his two daughters, who were large, muscular, and courageous, hit upon a plan of defence; and, upon opening it to the good old Friend, it seemed to look so little like war and bloodshed that he gave it the sanction of his silence. The girls hung over the fire a large iron kettle, and filled it with water, which, when the assailants made their appearance before the door, was boiling hot. They then took an instrument, vulgarly called a squirt-gun, constructed of the barrel of an old musket, and through the chinks between the logs sent a jet of the boiling water into the face and eyes of the assailants. A few shots were enough to conquer the courage of the gallant band, who immediately

took to their heels, and put themselves beyond the reach of the formidable engine so efficiently served. The assailants ran off frantic with pain, while the girls shook their sides with laughter; and the good old Quaker was scarcely suspected of a dereliction of principle, although no one doubted but that he enjoyed the battle-scene to a high degree."

Here is a thoroughly Pennamite device which Capt. Ogden resolved on in order to elude the Yankees:—

"He made his clothes into a bundle, and fastened his hat on the top of it, then tied to it a small cord some twenty feet long. Taking up his bundle, he walked out into the current, and floated down on his back ahead of his hat and clothes. Of course, this enterprise was undertaken in the night. The Yankee sentinels saw the suspicious-looking object, and riddled the hat with bullets, but Ogden escaped unhurt, and soon reached Philadelphia."

What happened after the battle, when the Indians came into Wilkesbarre, is related by the daughter of one of the settlers:—

"An Indian took mother's bonnet from her head and her shawl from her shoulders. She then covered her head with an old straw hat which was lying upon the ground. Capt. Henry, an old Indian who had lived upon terms of intimacy with our family, and who was a prisoner in the fort when it was given up, came in with father's fine broadcloth coat on, which had been taken from the chest. He demanded, 'Where old Bennet?'—Mother replied, 'Gone through the swamp to Stroudsburg.'—'Ah!' says he, stroking his sleeve, 'me old Bennet now.'"

Mrs. Bennet was a woman of spirit, as appears from this capital story:—

"A filthy squaw undertook forcibly to deprive her of one of her garments, when the spirit of the Yankee woman, even by all the fearful circumstances by which she was surrounded, could not be held down. She drew her clenched hand, and gave the old hog a blow in the face which felled her to the ground. The squaw, recovering, grappled the pale-faced woman, but was soon worsted in the struggle. It was an anxious moment with the friends of Mrs. Bennet who were present. Would she be tomahawked on the spot? was the question revolved in every mind. That question was soon settled by a roar of laughter from the Indians, one of them patting her on the back with the complimentary words, 'Good squaw.' The vanquished old thief then sneaked off, woefully crestfallen."

The "make up" of the victors is original, and we commend it to the attention of Mr. Phillips:—

"They took our feather beds, and, ripping open the ticks, flung out the feathers, and crammed in their plunder, consisting mostly of fine clothing, and, throwing them over their horses, went off. A squaw came riding up with ribbons stringing from her head over her horse's tail. Some of the squaws would have on two or three bonnets, generally back side before. One rode off astride of mother's saddle, that, too, wrong end foremost, and mother's scarlet cloak hanging before her, being tied at the back of her neck. We could not help laughing at the ridiculous figure she cut, in spite of the deep trouble which then all but overwhelmed us all."

The story which follows is an interesting case of Yankee *versus* Indian wit:—

"There was a capacious cellar under a building in the fort where a considerable quantity of provisions was stored. When the Indians commenced the work of plundering, as a company of them approached this place of deposit, some witty individual sang out, with apparent concern, 'Small pox! small pox!' The old brave who was on the lead grunted out 'Oh!' and sheered off, the others following him; they jabbered in Indian, and looked back at the reputed 'pock-house' with no little consternation. After this the Indians kept at a distance from the place, invariably going round it, and casting at it one of those significant Indian glances so indicative of a horror of being caught in some trap."

The most interesting chapters of this volume

are those which relate to the capture by the Delaware Indians of Frances Slocum, when a little girl five years old. The family sought far and near among the Indian tribes, and offered handsome rewards, but in vain. At the end of sixty years there came from a Colonel in Indiana a letter addressed to the postmaster of Lancaster in Pennsylvania. The letter stated:—

"There is now living near this place, among the Miami tribe of Indians, an aged white woman, who a few days ago told me, while I lodged in the camp one night, that she was taken away from her father's house, on or near the Susquehanna River, when she was very young—say from five to eight years old, as she thinks—by the Delaware Indians, who were then hostile toward the whites. She says her father's name was Slocum; that he was a Quaker, rather small in stature, and wore a large-brimmed hat; was of sandy hair and light complexion, and much freckled; that he lived about half-a-mile from a town where there was a fort; that they lived in a wooden house of two stories high, and had a spring near the house. She says three Delawares came to the house in the daytime, when all were absent but herself, and perhaps two other children: her father and brothers were absent making hay. The Indians carried her off, and she was adopted into a family of Delawares, who raised her and treated her as their own child. They died about forty years ago, somewhere in Ohio. She was then married to a Miami, by whom she had four children; two of them are now living—they are both daughters—and she lives with them. Her husband is dead; she is old and feeble, and thinks she will not live long."

The postmaster who received this letter, thinking it a hoax, tossed it into a heap of letters, where for two years it lay, until discovered by his wife. She sent it to the newspaper of the town, and a copy was read by a clergyman who knew the brothers of the long-lost Frances. The meeting of the brothers with the sister is touching:—

"They entered the decent Indian cabin—constructed of logs, and quite roomy—and found the mistress of the house sitting in her chair. Still she was not disposed to converse freely. She gave a brief account of her family and the circumstances of her capture, but seemed utterly unmoved, and not free from suspicion that there was some plan in operation to take her away or to get her land. The brothers walked the floor with emotions too deep and overwhelming for utterance—the sister wept. Could it be possible that this Indian woman was the dear little Frances, whose sweet smiles lingered in their memory, and which they could scarcely do any other than identify with her still? Has she—dear Frances—been metamorphosed into this stoical, iron-hearted Indian woman—old, wrinkled, and cold as an iceberg? But there could be no mistake about it. She said her father's name was Slocum; he was a Quaker, and wore a broad-brimmed hat; he lived near a fort by a great river; she had seven brothers and two sisters; her brother hammered off her finger-nail; she was taken from under the staircase; three Indians took her, with a boy and a black girl, a great many winters ago, when she was a little child. The question was settled; this was Frances. She was now a widow. Her husband was a chief. She had two daughters: the younger of the two had lost her husband; the husband of the elder was a half-breed—his father a Frenchman—and his name was Brouillet, who managed the out-door affairs of the family, subject always to the views and feelings of the queen mother-in-law. The family circle scrupulously followed the lead of the venerated head of the household, making no advances, exhibiting no emotion. On this occasion only one tender chord was touched. The long-lost sister had forgotten her own name. She was asked if she thought she could remember it if she should hear it mentioned. Her answer was, 'It is a long time; I do not know.'—'Was it Frances?' Something like emotion instantly agitated her iron-cast features, and, with a smile, she answered in the affirmative, 'Franch, Franch.'"

Mr. Slocum's daughters came to visit their aunt and take dinner with her:—

"They spread the table with a white cotton cloth, and wiped the dishes, as they took them from the cupboard, with a clean cloth. They prepared an excellent dinner of fried venison, potatoes, shortcake, and coffee. Their cups and saucers were small, and they put three or four table-spoonfuls of maple sugar in a cup. They were told by their white visitors, 'Our way is not so much sugar.' They seemed very anxious to please, and would often ask, 'Is that right?' The eldest daughter waited on the table, while her mother sat at the table and eat with her white relations. After dinner they washed the dishes, and replaced them upon the shelves, and then swept the floor. The ladies were surprised at these evidences of civilization, and upon asking their aunt why they did these things, she made answer that her mother used to do so, and she had always done it, and learned it to her daughters. It was, therefore, a uniform rule in her house to wipe the dust from the dishes when they were put upon the table, and when the meal was concluded to wash them and return them to the cupboard, and then to sweep the room."

The sister declined to return with her white brothers—her daughter was married—she had grandchildren—and her son-in-law treated her properly. She did no work. Her daughters did the work, while she sat in the house observing them. A singularity of Wyoming life is shown in a rapid mode of *growing* a shirt and "pants":—

"Mr. Ransom married and settled upon lands which his father had occupied before the war in Plymouth. Like nearly everybody else in Wyoming, the young couple had hard work to live until they could raise what was necessary for their comfort from the rich flats which they commenced tilling. The greatest difficulty was to obtain materials for clothing. Mr. Ransom sowed flaxseed in the spring, but it would not grow in a day. Before his flax had come to maturity he found on the flats a luxuriant growth of nettles; these he mowed, and rotted by sinking them in a pond of warm water, and then drying them in the sun, and of the fibres Mrs. Ransom made coarse cloth for pants for her husband. They were neither elegant nor durable, but they held out until the flax came to maturity. Such was now the pressure of Mr. Ransom's necessities that the flax was pulled, rotted, dressed, spun, woven, and a shirt and pants made in *eight days!* The ninth day after the flax was pulled the enterprising young farmer was dressed in the fabric which was manufactured out of it. The thing seems scarcely possible, but such, we are assured, was the fact."

The extracts we have given sufficiently indicate the interest of the book. In parting with Dr. Peck we have only to express our regret that he has not, with a little sifting and arrangement, produced, out of such excellent materials, a completer story.

Every Man his own Trumpeter. By George W. Thornbury. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE spirit, dash, picturesqueness and completeness which characterized Mr. Thornbury's 'Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads,' will be found in every chapter of his new novel. The latter is an exceedingly glittering drama, well put upon the stage, the personages accurately defined and strikingly varied, the dresses in good taste, the scenery touched by the hand of an artist, and the action sustained untiringly from the first scene to the last. The "time" of the story is one that has been so thoroughly worked, that we might have thought it would hardly afford illustrations of much originality at the service of an author. The reign of Louis the Fourteenth has been a mine to imaginative writers, who have taken the gold, the lace, the plumes, the weapons, vests, wigs, spurs, and the rest of the finery and frippery, and have

decked therewith the men and women of their own imagining, and set them up, looking more or less like life. This has been done very frequently; but that fact has not deterred our author, who knows as well as any of his literary brethren how to skilfully apply the old materials before him. This skill of application distinguishes these volumes; we may have met no inconsiderable number of the personages before, but then we have never seen them in exactly the same perils and pleasures; and even when incidents occur with which we seem to have been familiar before, to these a novelty is given by the style, treatment, and originality of thought on the part of the author. From the little we have said, it will be at once gathered that we recommend Mr. Thornbury's vivacious book to the world of novel-readers; and by way of proof of what we have advanced, we leave the extracts to speak for themselves. Here is *Versailles*,—a picture often painted; but the canvas, in this instance, has been covered by an artist who can create effects, as well as copy objects:—

"The palace of *Versailles* was only an enlargement of a hunting box that Louis the Thirteenth built on a low slope, where a windmill had once stood. An army of thirty-six thousand men cleansed marshes and cut down wood to make room for Mansard's miles of magnificence. Le Brun had decorated this work of gorgeous prodigality with frescoed ceilings, where nymphs soared and floated, and where demi-gods struggled and struck attitudes. *Le Notre* had filled the gardens with all the wonders of French and Dutch horticulture. The marble limbs of writhing deities shone, like golden images in the sun, through veils of silver water, thin and transparent. Through the avenues of the orangery, where the gold fruit of the *Hesperides* glowed among the green, glossy leaves of Spanish orchards, you heard the chiming cadence of a thousand fountains. Here Bacchus rode exultingly, attended by a train of laughing satyrs. 'To Bacchus!' said the *Abbé*, bowing, as if to an old friend. And, here Flora tossed in the air handfuls of exulting flowers. Here a pyramid of molten silver revived the recollection of the alchemist's wonders. There stood Ceres holding her wheatsheaf, while Cupids hand in hand circled her round with mocking eyes, as if exulting in the loss of *Proserpine*. Here the Siren sat on the rock, harping to the too guileless mariner, while all round, sea-monsters belched arches of water from their throats, that fell with uninterrupted harmony back into the marble basin, where the coloured bubbles chased and ran round and round—and where, through the water, you could see the gold fish of China, like enchanted things, crowding in jostling shoals, as the ladies threw them food, or frightened them, in order to see their golden flesh and scud as they flew off down to a safer depth. The Fountains of Bacchus, Apollo, Flora, Ceres, the Dragons, and the Syrens were well-known points of interest in the gardens, of which the most beautiful spots were the *Allée d'Eau*, where you walked for a long way down a broad gravel avenue, between rows of fountains, the orangery, the balustraded terrace leading by broad flights of steps bordered by fountains, and the two grand avenues lined with trees; and, beyond all these knots of flower-beds, was the great court, with its open railing, where the sentinels stood; within which, and beyond the moat, lay the vast palace with its Ionic pillars, clock tower, statues, and trophies; its stone urns, and high pitched roofs. Great gilt coaches, large as arks, were moored in the court. Sedan-chairs were there, with their sturdy bearers resting on the handles. Groups of courtiers and ladies filled the walks, or stood bantering each other round the fountains. Lacqueys ran about excitedly, longing for orders, fresh from card parties, in rooms hung with tapestry, or encumbered up to the ceiling with formal giants and demonstrative allegories. As we reached the bottom of the great terrace stairs, we saw a group of persons descending, amongst whom walked one of a kingly bearing, who kept his hat on, while all those who

surrounded him were bareheaded. It was *le Grand Monarque*. He was dressed in a coat of thick brown watered silk; at the breast of which the broad blue collar of *St. Louis* was just visible. His satin waistcoat was of a still deeper blue, and richly embroidered with a cobweb of gold lace of exquisite fineness, and a pattern that *Mechlin* would not have disdained. The magnificence contrasted with the plainness of his coat, which had only a plain binding of gold cord. His broad hat was trimmed, as he always wore it, with point d'Espagne; a plain white feather was its only decoration. I observed the King wore no rings or jewels, except on his small shoe-buckles; but the long cravat that fell on his chest was of the rarest lace very rarely wrought. There was never a king who studied every word and gesture more closely than did *Louis the Fourteenth*; for no king ever took so much pleasure in the mere business of reigning."

They who remember how charmingly Bunyan raised the dead of those by-gone days, made them converse, and reproduced forgotten anecdotes, giving to them an air of utter novelty, will not be sorry to compare Mr. Thornbury with the Swiss writer. Here is a dinner-party at the house of a learned and lively *Abbé*:—

"With a succession of knocks, varying from the tremendous pomp to extreme humility of dejection at knocking at all, the guests arrived. *M. la Fontaine's* knock was dreamy, slow, and uncertain; *M. Molière's*, lively and careless; *M. Racine's*, grave and solemn; *M. Boileau's*, quick and epigrammatic; the poor Poet's, who borrowed, shrinking and timorous; the Critic's, violent and imperious; the Professor's, stately and laconic; the Officer's, smart and rattling. ** Dinner was served, and we sat down, a merry and contented party; vanity and envy were laid aside for a moment, and care was driven away, by the clatter of our knives and forks. A story was told of a timid poet who had burned a volume of epigrams for fear of their being severely criticized. 'That,' said *M. Molière*, 'is like the man who blew out his brains for fear of being murdered.'—'A good deal of our modern writings seem written by men with *blown-out brains*,' said *M. Boileau*, bitterly.—'That is—not possible,' said *M. la Fontaine*, a heavy-featured, dull-looking, abstracted man. Every one laughed at the poet's slowness; but he seemed quite unconscious of having attracted attention.—'I have made the acquaintance, *M. l'Abbé*,' said *Molière*, with a droll grimace and elevated eyebrows, 'of an extraordinary man, who actually thinks *St. Augustin* a better written book than *Rabelais*'.—'It is not possible,' said *La Fontaine*, with a gravity that every one laughed at.—'What a character!' said every one.—'The other day, at a dinner party, *M. la Fontaine* here, on the contrary, actually said there were persons ridiculous enough to prefer *Augustin* to *Rabelais*'.—'So there are, *Molière*,' said *La Fontaine*, as if injured.—'He came the other day,' said *Molière*, 'so abstracted as to ask me to call with him on the *Chevalier de Lorraine*, at whose funeral we had both been present the day before. He did not know who wrote the *Lord's Prayer*'.—'Now, I say that's too bad, *M. Molière*,' said *La Fontaine*, suddenly waking up. 'You are telling of some of my follies, but I'm up to you. I do know who wrote the *Lord's Prayer*.'—'Who?' we all cried, knowing the kind, foolish, blundering vanity of the man.—'Who? to think I don't know.'—'Who?'—'Why, Moses?' *M. Racine* had maliciously whispered him that fit answer to the question. We laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks; *La Fontaine* good-humouredly joining us. 'I'll turn you all into beasts to-morrow,' he said, 'you shall all figure in my next fable.'—'M. la Fontaine,' said the *Abbé*, 'if you make us talk like the beasts in your fables, we could wish no greater flattery paid to our conversation.'—'His beasts talk like angels,' said a critic to me, under breath; 'but he himself talks like a beast.'"

And here is a passage, not less lively, in which the audacious author really seems to have a shocking disrespect for critics:—

"At this crisis two footmen, fat and good-

natured, as everything that came within the Abbé's orbit was, perfumed the rooms with silver censers, filled with myrrh and Indian gums.—'M. Racine, said the Abbé, 'you are so accustomed to incense, I trust you will not dislike this—it is an ecclesiastical luxury, and reminds me of the offerings of the Magi.—Can I help you to more *poulet aux truffes*. These truffles are all from Savoy. I hope M. Boileau and M. Professor, you admire my invention of hot-water plates, for which I deserve a monument. M. Longueville, I'll trouble you for a little of that *salade d'haricot*, one of my weaknesses. You'll find lemon an improvement to your *poulet*. M. la Fontaine, try that delicate *fricassée* of frogs—all from the meadow where the frog tried to swell himself out as large as the cow.'—'I've read that somewhere,' said *le bonhomme*, as his friends called him, laying down his knife and fork to think, quite forgetful of dinner. I was delighted to see how the Abbé encouraged the poor poet to wine, and tried to place him near the critic, who seemed as fond of him as a needy man is of a Jew; how he tried to unbend the silent dignity of the pedantic profession; how he even with admirable tact found subjects on which to interest my fellow officers, who at first did nothing but look on their rings, arrange their point-lace cravats, and shift their broad embroidered sword-belts, to the quiet amusement of Molière, who eyed them from under his brows as a cat does a mouse. The conversation turned upon the frivolous verses of the Abbé Boisrobert. 'Wonderful talent,' said the bookseller, 'two thousand the first week. Copy in satin sent to the King. Shop full of Marquises, all over ribbons, coming for copies.'—'How do *Dejazet's* works sell?' said M. Molière.—'Bad, very bad,' said the bookseller.—'Well, but *Dejazet* is as much superior to that Boisrobert, as my friend M. Boileau here is to the Author of 'La Pucelle,' or that ass *Quinault*.'—'Clever, no doubt,' said the bookseller, 'but won't go down. Never gets a word in the Reviews. Boisrobert's wonderful book touches the feelings, that's what people want now. Feelings must be touched—sense is all very well.'—'And what you call a good book,' said M. Boileau bitterly, 'means a book that sells. Sir, you do what all your order do. If you find a man whose works the public buy, you pamper him, feed him, idolize him, urge him to exhaust his mental soil with quick weak crops, in fact, to change the metaphor, drive him to death, and then let him go to the knackers. You never discover talent. Have no faith, indeed, in anything but success, because success pays; yet you, and such as you, I mean no offence, guide public taste, and receive all the wealth that books bring. You gull the author, pique him with claptraps about honour, fame, extending reputation; and when his back is turned, lo! he is bound up in parchment fettters. You pull out your banker's book, and laugh to think what fools the world's thinkers are.'—'True,' said M. Molière, 'and what do you think of these reviews, are they honest?'—'Very, and severe, too, when they first begin, till some publishers use them as advertisers; and afterwards, too, provided the writer of the book they review can be of no use to them, provided the book is by a man who shows no power of rising above them, provided it comes from a publisher they do not dislike, and by a man who has never stung their vanity with a *bon mot*. But, dear me, what with interest, clique, dining out, quarrels, ignorance, haste, and prejudice, no review is worth much. For my own part, I only believe two things,—an enemy's praise and a dear friend's blame. A slice of that *blanquette d'agneau*, if it is not too much troubling you.'—'You get bitter, M. Boileau,' said the Abbé, 'I am afraid this quarrel about the relative value of the ancient and modern writers sours you.'—'Not a whit, but don't begin that interminable and foolish discussion now in the *nunc est bibendum* time, I have come to the conclusion that all the new crops come out of the old fields, and that as the English writer, the Chevalier Temple, said, "we only look taller than the old ones because we stand on their shoulders."—'It all comes of comparison,' said the Abbé, 'they bully a rose because it isn't a lily; though a lily is

a good thing; just as a cutlet is a good thing, and a friandise is a good thing; yet people must run about and snub the waterfall, because it is not a precipice, and the blonde because she is not a brunette.'—But still, Monsieur Abbé, we must not let these upstarts crow over their old fathers. Sage and discreet Virgil, oh, for one word of thine to chase these Bayii and Mavii from this our Paris.—'To think,' said the Abbé, 'that the day should come when there should be people who call Clelia and the operas sublime, and find Terence stale, Virgil cold, and Homer dull.'—'As for Homer,' said the Professor, adjusting his spectacles and knitting his brow, for this was one of his hobbies, 'we don't know anything about Homer.'—'So I should think,' said Molière.—'I didn't expect rabbldy here—I mean, we none of us know whether such a man as Homer ever existed. Some learned men, as *Turriscrematus* and *Villanous*, think he was a company; others believe his work is a mere collection of Greek songs on a given subject.'—There's something clever, though, in Homer,' said La Fontaine, in a grave, unconvinced way, that made everybody laugh.—'No plot,' said the poet, who was of the modern school. 'No growth and development; no daybreak, noon, and sunset; no attention to unities—vulgar stuff about flies, and milk, and pails, and bees, and ants—bah!'—'Flies and milk-pails,' said the officer, laughing immoderately, and repeating the words every time he got breath—'flies and milk-pails, how very ridiculous!'—I should like now to appeal to these gentlemen,' said M. Molière, smiling and turning quick upon them; 'they are fresher from these things than we are. May I ask you, gentlemen, which you prefer—Homer or Virgil?'—'I've been flogged for both,' said Longueville, arranging his neckband with his finger.—'By-the-bye, which is Virgil?' said La Motte, whispering to me. 'Has Virgil got Dido in it, the woman who puts out her eyes with shoe-buckles?'—'No, that's *Heuba*'—'Ah! Dido burns herself on a four-post bed atop of Mount Tabor.'—'I don't see much to choose,' said La Motte, 'one, I remember, has more words to look out, and the other's harder to make sense of.'—'Very admirably arbitrated,' said the Abbé, laughing, 'but, gentlemen, fill your glasses.'"

In these extracts, we have left hero, heroine, and plot, without enabling our readers to judge of either. This judgment they will, doubtless, make for themselves. Meanwhile, let us suggest, in friendly spirit to the author, that one or two of the "properties" used or alluded to in this sprightly drama seem to us anachronisms. Voltaire's "Pucelle" could not have been talked about by the wits of Louis the Fourteenth's reign. That King died in 1715, and the first edition of the "Pucelle" was not in print before 1755, and was not owned by Voltaire till he published an edition of his own in 1762. The poem itself had not been even commenced for more than a dozen years after the death of Louis. There are similar trivial mistakes in other passages. Is not "the fowling-piece of Childeric" a misnomer, at least?—and did the gallants of the Grand Monarque's time smoke "cigarettes"? These are small errors; but they are to be noted in the bold man who dares not to be afraid of the reviewers, and who has written a book full of pictures of the French school of Art, without its meretriciousness, in which bright and lively colours make up for whatever defects there may be in the drawing and the detail.

The Ancient Poem of Guillaume de Guileville, entitled Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme, compared with the Pilgrim's Progress of John Bunyan. Edited from Notes collected by the late Mr. Nathaniel Hill, of the Royal Society of Literature. With Illustrations and an Appendix. (Pickering.)

To the class of writing which is termed Allegory recourse was had at a very early period. Many

of the mediaeval romances partake of the character. 'The History of Reynard the Fox,' for instance, which was first translated by Caxton from the Dutch and printed by him in 1481, is principally known at the present day as a chap-book or a nursery tale; but in its original design it was nothing more nor less than a satirical allegory, or an allegorical satire. This system of teaching or expounding by analogue, of clothing the meaning in an obscure form, was by no means uncommon among our early writers, even down to the time of Charles the First. It may have owed its rise to the restraints which were placed on the liberty of the tongue and of the pen prior to the Reformation. Thus, we have political allegory and spiritual allegory; and it is under the second denomination that we must place a book of enduring fame, a world's book, as it might be called—'The Pilgrim's Progress' of John Bunyan.

Bunyan unquestionably possessed the imaginative faculty in a very high degree. He was a man also of strong, earnest feeling and of a contrite heart. His temperament was singularly excitable and more than wholesomely sensitive. From having been in earlier life a somewhat loose and irregular member of society, he became the most rigid of disciplinarians and the most bitter and severe of self-accusers. He forsook the bottle, and the oath was heard no more on his lips; he read his Bible and began to qualify himself for a preacher of the Word. In the mean time, his spirit was darkened by the gloomiest forebodings. He looked on himself as the "chief of sinners,"—as one whose transgressions were of too black a dye to permit him to indulge the most distant hope of the Water of Life. These and similar expressions should not, of course, be interpreted too literally. We must not accept the testimony of Bunyan against himself without some reserve. We must make allowance for the circumstances under which he wrote, the age in which he lived, and the sect that he was of. Bunyan had in his youth mixed with blackguards, and he had been little better perhaps than his companions. But, after awhile, his eyes had been opened, and he began to leave the ways of darkness. Still, however, he did not cease to doubt utterly of his own perfectibility; and it is certain that his sense of his moral infirmity remained throughout life morbidly acute.

Few, we apprehend, will be found to dispute that 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is a work of the highest order of excellence in its kind. Yet we doubt almost if the exact nature of that excellence be so fully or generally understood. The fact is, that so far from being the first, or even among the first, who attempted that class of composition, the Author of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' was the *last* contributor of any note to allegorical literature. The name of Bunyan closes and crowns a somewhat long list of writers, both in our own and other languages, whose common aim it has been to picture life as a pilgrimage, and to describe the manifold perils which beset the traveller on the "Great Highway." In 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' then, we must not look for the embodiment of a new conception, nor even a familiar one clothed in a new form; but in that admirable work we may recognize the noblest and most complete realization of an idea which had germinated in the literary mind of Europe during the Middle Ages. In the half-inspired book of a gipsy tinker was exhibited the nearest approach to a perfect allegory which the world has ever seen.

As Mr. Dunlop remarks, the existence of works of a kindred character antecedent in point of time to 'The Pilgrim's Progress' can detract little from the praise of originality. The discovery of such prototypes, even if it

were at all probable that the *English* writer had seen them, can only have the one effect of showing the vast superiority of Bunyan to those who had gone before him. But we know how scanty the early reading of the great Allegorist had been, and one is apt to suspect that for the production of the masterpiece which he has left behind him Bunyan was all but exclusively indebted to his own fine imagination and deep knowledge of his own human heart.

If, however, we grant that Bunyan founded his work more or less on earlier models, the question arises, from what quarter he chiefly drew his materials. Now there are no fewer than six works from which he may, with greater or less probability, be supposed to have been a borrower. These are:—‘The Pylgremage of the Sowle,’ W. Caxton, 1483,—‘The Pilgrymage of Perfection’ by W. Boude, 1531,—‘Le Pelerinage de l’Homme,’ par Guillaume de Guileville, 1330, translated by John Lydgate *circa* 1426, and by John Skelton *circa* 1530,—‘Le Voyagedu Chevalier Errant,’ par Jean Cartheuy, a Carmelite, 1572, translated by W. Goodyear 1581,—‘The Table of Cebes, the Theban,’ translated by John Healey, 1616 (of which only three copies are known to exist),—‘The Isle of Man,’ an Allegory, by Richard Bernard, 1627. In the Prologue to his work Boude says that the book ‘showeth how the lyfe of every Chrystian is as a pilgrymage, whyche we dowe and promesse in our baptysm, taking on us the journey to the *Heavenly Jerusalem*.’ But it is the poem of Guillaume de Guileville, viewed in connexion with ‘The Pilgrim’s Progress,’ that it is our more immediate object to consider.

The ‘Pelerinage de l’Homme’ is supposed to have been written about the year 1330, when our Chaucer was a child; of the author, the Editors of Mr. Hill’s papers do not appear to have succeeded in discovering any particulars beyond the information contained in the subjoined extract from the ‘Biographie Universelle’—

“Guillaume de Guileville né à Paris vers 1295, prit l’habit de St. Bernard à l’abbaye royale de Chalis, en devient prieur, et y mourut vers 1360. On a de lui: *Le Romant des trois pelerinages*, le premier est de l’homme durant qu’*est en vie*, le second de l’ame séparée du corps, et le troisième de *Notre Sauveur Jésus Christ*. Il avoue, dans le prologue, que c’est la lecture du *Roman de la Rose* qui lui a suggéré l’idée de son ouvrage.”

The poem opens by informing the reader that in the year 1330, being then a monk in the monastery of Chaliz, he had a dream, in which he saw afar off, as if reflected in a mirror, the celestial city of Jerusalem. He dwells on the wondrous beauty of its construction, on the elegance of its mansions and so forth, and particularly points out the little wicket gate (this is very striking). After introducing his Pilgrim, De Guileville proceeds thus:—

Ainsi comment querant aloye
Et en plleurant me quermentoye
Ou ce boudron peusse trouer
Et celle escarpe pour porter
Une dame de grant beaulte
Et de tresgrant nobilite
Je recontray droit on ma voye.

This “dame de grant beaulte,” Gracedieu by name, is, of course, the Evangelist of ‘The Pilgrim’s Progress.’ “I looked then,” says Bunyan, “and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, ‘Wherefore dost thou cry?’ ‘Because I fear,’ replies Christian, ‘that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet.’” So in De Guileville:—

Ainsi comme nng cinge aeroche
A ung bloqueau et atache
Lequel en hault ne peut monter
Que test ne faille renaler
Ainsi mest ung bloquel pesant
Le corps et ung retenal grant

Il me rabat quant vuell voler
Et retire quant vuell monter.

The next point of resemblance is where Gracedieu presents her Pilgrim with the *scrip*, or *scarf*:—

Voy cy lesharpere et le boudron
Que promis tay ie ten foiz don
Mestier taourt en ce voyage
Garde les si feras que saige
Lescharpe si est foy nommee
Sans laquelle nulle journnee
Tu ne feras ie qui rien vaille.

This allusion of Gracedieu corresponds (as the Editors observe) with the exhortation of Evangelist to Christian and Faithful before they reach the town of Vanity. Just as in Bunyan we find Faithful and Hopeful made the companions of Christian,—so in the prototype, Gracedieu presents her pilgrim with the *scrip* of *Faith* and with the staff, whose name is *Hope*. In De Guileville, the Pilgrim is recommended to arm himself with the same kind of weapons as are seen by Christian in the House Beautiful. There is, moreover, (we quote the words of the text) a similarity between the *Envoyes* of Bunyan and De Guileville:—

BUNYAN. DE GUILEVILLE.

Go now, my little Book, to Donne que songe tu ten yrs
every place Par tout les lieux ou est as
Where my first Pilgrim has A tous tes prouaines ie
but shown his face tenue
Tenue
Pource que bien y seez la voye
De par moy va les tons tailler.

Again, both writers complain of piracy:—

BUNYAN. DE GUILEVILLE.

Tis true, some have of LATE, Car sans mon seu et volente
to counterfeit Tout mon escript me fut oste
My Pilgrim, to their own, Par tout diuulge.
my Title set.

These quotations must suffice.

It may be observed that both the works to which we are referring are presented to us under the similitude of a dream. In both cases the scene of this dream is laid in a wood. (Bunyan had his reason for adopting the allegorical form of writing. He says, in his peculiar doggerel,—

I also know a dark similitude
Will on the fancy more itself intrude,
And will stick faster in the heart and head,
Than things from similes not borrowed.)

—Bunyan, as well as his prototype, exhibited in his composition the result of a mixed study of Sacred Writ and of the mediæval romances. The parallel hardly extends much further. It may be true that the characters of ‘The Pilgrimage of Man’ and the heroes of ‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ have something in common; but it is impossible, we should think, not to see at a glance the superiority of the Bedford Preacher to the Monk of Chalis in the vividness of his portraiture and the accuracy of his delineations. “It is the charm of common sense and reality,” writes Dr. Cheever, “that constitutes in a great measure the charm of Bunyan’s book.” In the earlier work, which is, on the contrary, cold, abstract, and colourless, much of the charm is lost. Bunyan’s understanding was of ampler grasp and scope than that of his prototype; he was a man of larger sympathy and of greater enthusiasm. He had mixed more with the world than De Guileville, and his pages display accordingly a nicer perception of character and a wider knowledge of human nature.

We cannot close the volume before us without congratulating the publisher on the handsome form in which he has presented this valuable and interesting contribution to the series of “Bunyan.” It is satisfactory to observe that Mr. B. M. Pickering is treading worthily in the footsteps of his father, whose publications constitute an era in the annals of English typography.

Notes on the Revolt in the North-Western Provinces of India. By Charles Raikes, Judge of the Sudder Court at Agra, late Civil Commissioner with Sir C. Campbell. (Longman & Co.)

The Crisis in the Punjab, from the 10th of May until the Fall of Delhi. By Frederic Cooper, Esq., C.S., Deputy-Commissioner of Umritsir. With a Map. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THESE books should be read in the order we have assigned to them. From Mr. Raikes’s Notes may be learned how complete was the subversion of the Government in the north-west provinces, and how imminent the peril to the thousands of Christians at Agra; from Mr. Cooper’s narrative we are enabled to appreciate the wonderful energy, foresight, and determination of Sir John Lawrence and the other authorities at Lahore, by which alone a dreadful catastrophe was arrested in the Panjab, Delhi reconquered, and Agra preserved. The contrast presented in the two volumes is remarkable. It is as though we beheld a hurricane raging, and on one side the disasters of the open sea, on the other the security of a port. The violence of the tempest in both directions is the same, but here we see the waves making a clean sweep, and vessels foundering or disabled,—while there, behind an impassable barrier, the ships ride secure and the waters are at peace.

This immunity from danger at such a crisis is to be mainly attributed to the genius of one man, and to the skill and courage of the staff reared in his school. There was nothing in the antecedents of the Panjab to render it probable that that province would remain tranquil when the vast native army and innumerable malecontents were rising to make India “the grave of the white man.” True, that thousands of the Sikh soldiery had fallen in their national struggle with the British, but would that render the thousands that remained less hostile? How easily a new army might have been raised to support the Khalsa is shown by the fact, that 80,000 Sikhs, little inferior as soldiers to the bravest Englishmen, have already taken the place of the Bengal army. Would it not have been as easy to induce these men to rally round the standard of their own faith, and to respond to the well-known war-cry, *Wah! Gurûj ki fath!*? Nor can it be said that the Panjab was better supplied with European troops than the rest of India, or that there were fewer regiments of mutineers or intending mutineers to guard. From tables furnished by Mr. Cooper, it appears that on the eve of the outbreak at Meerut there were between Peshawar and Lohdihia 28 regiments of Sipahis, 13 regiments of native cavalry, 3 companies of native artillery, 3 troops of native horse artillery and 2 light field-batteries, and one company of Sappers and Miners, also natives, exclusive of Sikhs and Goorkhas. Of this great army, all composed of *Purbials*, or men of Eastern Hindustán, but two regiments of foot, to their eternal honour be it mentioned, remained staunch, and carry their arms in our service to this very day. These noble corps, faithful among the faithless, are the 21st Bengal N.I., and the Khilat-i-Ghilzy regiment,—and let those who speak of the revolt of the whole Bengal army beware how they suffer the breath of detraction to sully the pure mirror of these men’s fidelity, men who deserve the homage and admiration of every loyal heart. Of the cavalry regiments, the 1st, 2nd, 7th, 16th, 17th, and 18th Irregulars are still armed. Of the regular cavalry a portion of the 4th Lancers alone, of the artillery *none*, still wear weapons in our service. The general result presents us with 5,800 armed and 13,120 disarmed *Purbials*, watched by 5,620 European

soldiers and 13,320 Sikhs and other native levies. Had the native soldiers, then, risen against us *en masse*, had Sikhs joined with Sipahis to destroy the Faringi, the odds in their favour at starting would have been six to one, all disciplined soldiers,—to say nothing of the thousands who would have flocked from every village to assist their countrymen, and of the armies of the Rājā of Kashmir and other chiefs, who in that case would infallibly have turned against us. The whole matter is best summed up in the remarkable letter of Sir J. Lawrence to Mr. Raikes, dated the 21st of October, 1857, which runs as follows:—“I assure you when I look back on the events of the last four months, I am lost in astonishment that any of us are alive. But for the mercy of God, we must have been ruined. Had the Sikhs joined against us, nothing, humanly speaking, could have saved us. No man could have hoped, much less foreseen, that they would have withstood the temptation to avenge their loss of national independence.”

We have given a brief summary of the forces in the Panjab on the eve of the revolt, we will now show from the volumes before us how a mutiny of the troops in that province was in the first place arrested and then crushed so utterly as to leave no embers behind. It must be especially noted that inferior as the Europeans in the Panjab collectively were to the Purbials, they were infinitely the most so at the points of greatest danger—that is, at stations nearest to the north-west provinces and to the headquarters of rebellion at Delhi. On the frontier of Afghanistan, on the contrary, the chief European strength was located, besides an overwhelming force of Sikhs. Thus, at Peshawar and its immediate vicinity were 2,570 European soldiers, 2,550 Sikhs, and three Bengal regiments which could be entirely depended upon. But at Lahore, the capital of the whole country, there were but 830 Europeans to 2,300 Purbials,—at Amritsar, with the strong fort and great arsenal of Govindgarh, no more than 200 Europeans to 1,700 Purbials,—and at Multán, a position beyond all price, commanding the communication with Sindh and Bombay, there was but one European company of artillery against two full regiments of Bengal infantry, a regiment of native cavalry, and a troop of native horse artillery. At Lahore the state of things is thus described by Mr. Cooper:—

“On the very morning of the 13th, the fort at Lahore was to have been relieved. The relief on its arrival would have doubled the ordinary strength of the native garrison; making it about 1,000 or 1,200 men. The scheme they had in contemplation was to rush upon and overcome the small party of Europeans; seize the fort, the extensive magazines, the armoury, the vast treasure; whilst the remaining regiments were to rise and massacre all the Europeans of Meer and Anarkullee, and release the prisoners incarcerated in the central gaol, some two thousand in number!”

The seizure of the strong fort at Lahore was to have been the signal for a general rising of the Sipahi regiments in the Panjab, and especially a plan had been concerted for the capture of the great magazines at Ferozepore and Govindgarh. Multán, Jhelum, Kangra, and many other stations would then have fallen, as a matter of course.

Let us now see how the hopes of the mutineers were nipped in the bud. Sir J. Lawrence was absent at Rāwal Pindee, but Mr. Montgomery was a worthy vicegerent, and he at once resolved to disarm the native regiments. It was the night of the 12th of May, and a grand ball was to be given. The next day the mutineers were to rise, but an iron hand was about to enfold them in its grasp:—

“The ball was permitted to proceed; but it soon

languished: strange rumours got about the room concerning the morning parade of all troops, which had been announced for daybreak. Scarcely before the dancers had departed, three companies of H. M.’s 81st fell in and marched off to the fort at Lahore under Col. Smith. Ten men per company had been also ordered to sleep in their barrack-rooms with ‘their clothes on.’ At four o’clock in the morning, the remainder of the regiment fell in, and were ordered ‘to loosen their ammunition;’ a proceeding which aroused the curiosity of the honest soldiers to the highest pitch. Knowing looks began to be exchanged, and queries to the purport of ‘What’s in the wind?’ were freely passed, but not responded to, as none could divine. Leaving the barrack guards doubled, six companies, twenty-four files each, started for the parade ground. * * * As the enormous mass of Indian soldiery swept past the small but deeply interested band of spectators from Anarkullee, one absorbing thought occupied all bosoms—‘Are their muskets already loaded?’ The suspense though short was painful. The Brigadier having directed to be read out, at the head of each regiment, the Governor-General’s order on the disbanding of the 34th N. I. at Barrackpore, he himself, a Colonel of the 16th Grenadiers, commenced by addressing the senior regiment: he complimented all, *seriatim*, on the distinguished reputation they had borne hitherto, and intimated dimly the step which it was his painful duty now to adopt. Quick as thought the word passed. The native regiments changed front to the rear, by the wheel of subdivisions round the centre, while at the same time the artillery (quietly loading as they moved, unobserved by the Sepoys), and Her Majesty’s 81st, about 300 altogether, formed line facing the native regiments. A ringing rattle at the same time announced that the Queen’s corps had also loaded. Nothing could be more soldierly than their tramp—more menacing than their front. * * * Hesitation was useless. The sepoys confronted immediate death: in which, by the way, the officers would have been sacrificed. Some say their demeanour varied, and that the 16th Grenadiers made a clutch at their arms when they appreciated their utter discomfiture. Be this as it may, the regiments, shorn of their arms, marched back; the bands playing and colours flying. A company of Her Majesty’s 81st fell out, in ordinary course; and with the cool complacency of the European who summed up the whole crisis with the question to his commanding officer—‘I suppose, sir, it’s them niggers again, they, in an orderly and business-like way, packed the weapons of the dismoured soldiery in carts, and escorted them to barracks.’

This blow paralyzed the rebellion, but it did more, it showed the Sikhs that the Faringis had nerve to meet the crisis, and the assurance of that fact was sufficient to make them decide on throwing their swords into the scale against the Purbials. For, besides their national antipathy to them, there was a curious circumstance which made them eager for the war—a circumstance which we have not found recorded by any one save Mr. Cooper, who tells us,—

“The Sikhs generally were most eager to aid in the capture of Delhi, from the existence of a most remarkable prophecy,—that they, in conjunction with *tope wallahs* (hat wearers, or the British), who should come over the sea, would reconquer Delhi, and place the head of the king’s son on the very spot where the head of Guroo Teg Bahadore had been exposed, 180 years before, by order of Aurungzebe, the Great Mogul. This vaticination was almost literally carried out, for when the gallant Hodson had captured the old king and shot the two sons, his Sikh ressaldar, diligently remembering the oracle, secured its fulfilment; and for three days, on the spot foretold, the bodies of the king’s sons lay a spectacle to men; the glazed eyes of these miscreants staring sternly out of their dead heads on the very scene where they had ordered and witnessed the massacre of the English women and children.”

It must be added, too, and perhaps this was the especial cause of the support afforded by the Sikh warriors to the British, that the

English political officers had endeared themselves in a surprising manner to the population of the Panjab. Indeed, the respect and love entertained by that bold and hardy people for Lawrence, Nicholson, and Abbott, almost passes belief, and can scarce be paralleled in the history of the world. Hear Mr. Raikes’s account of the feelings entertained towards Nicholson by the Panjabis.—

“Of what class is John Nicholson the type, then? Of none, for truly he stands alone. But he belongs essentially to the school of Henry Lawrence. I only knocked down the walls of the Bunnoo forts. John Nicholson has since reduced the *people* (the most ignorant, depraved, and blood-thirsty in the Panjab) to such a state of good order and respect for the laws, that in the last year of his charge not only was there no murder, burglary, or highway robbery, but not an *attempt* at any of those crimes. The Bunnooches, reflecting on their own metamorphosis in the village gatherings under the vines, by the streams they once delighted so to fight for, have come to the conclusion that ‘the good Mahomedans’ of historic ages must have been ‘just like Nikkul Seyn!’ They emphatically approve him as every inch a *hakim*. And so he is. It is difficult to describe him. He must be seen. Lord Dalhousie—no mean judge—perhaps best summed up his high military and administrative qualities, when he called him ‘a tower of strength.’ I can only say that I think him equally fit to be Commissioner of a division, or General of an army. Of the strength of his personal character, I will only tell two anecdotes. 1. If you visit either the battle field of Gojharat, or Cheyleanwallah—the country people begin their narrative of the battles thus, ‘Nikkul Seyn stood just *there!*’ 2. A brotherhood of Fakirs in Huzara abandoned all forms of Asiatic monachism, and commenced the worship of Nikkul Seyn,—which they still continue! Repeatedly they have met John Nicholson since, and fallen at his feet as their *gooroo*. He has flogged them soundly on every occasion, and sometimes imprisoned them; but the sect of the Nikkul Seyneens remains as devoted as ever. ‘Sanguis martyrorum est semen Ecclesie.’ On the last whipping, John Nicholson released them, on the condition that they would transfer their adoration to John Becher;—but arrived at their monastery in Huzara, they once more resumed the worship of the relentless Nikkul Seyn.”

But though arrested and shorn of its terrors, the Purbial mutiny in the Panjab was not wholly suppressed. At Peshawar, at Jhelum, and Sealkote, and other States, there were risings quenched in blood. And here we must confess that the awful and tremendous punishments inflicted on the mutinous regiments, salutary as the example may have been, and black as was the crime by which they were provoked, awaken a feeling almost akin to disgust. We give one specimen of those hideous scenes from which every thought but that of vengeance—dark, terrible, unrelenting vengeance—was excluded. We quote from Mr. Cooper, who appears to have been the unmoved spectator of this wholesale slaughter:

“Ten by ten the sepoys were called forth. Their names having been taken down in succession, they were pinioned, linked together, and marched to execution; a firing party being in readiness. Every phase of deportment was manifested by the doomed men, after the sullen firing of volleys of distant musketry forced the conviction of inevitable death: astonishment, rage, frantic despair, the most stoic calmness. One detachment, as they passed, yelled to the solitary Anglo-Saxon magistrate, as he sat under the shade of the police station performing his solemn duty, with his native officials around him, that he, the Christian, would meet the same fate; then as they passed the reserve of young Sikh soldiery, who were to relieve the executioners after a certain period, they danced, though pinioned, insulted the Sikh religion, and called on *Gungaree* to aid them; but they only in one instance provoked a reply, which was instantaneously checked. Others again petitioned to be allowed to make one

last 'salaam' to the Sahib. About 150 having been thus executed, one of the executioners swooned away (he was the oldest of the firing party), and a little respite was allowed. Then proceeding, the number had arrived at two hundred and thirty-seven; when the district officer was informed that the remainder refused to come out of the bastion, where they had been temporarily imprisoned a few hours before. Expecting a rush and resistance, preparations were made against escape; but little expectation was entertained of the real and awful fate which had fallen on the remainder of the mutineers: they had anticipated by a few short hours their doom. The doors were opened, and, behold! they were nearly all dead! Unconsciously, the tragedy of Holwell's Black Hole had been re-enacted. No cries had been heard during the night, in consequence of the hubbub, tumult and shouting of the crowds of horsemen, police, tehsil guards, and excited villagers. Forty-five bodies, dead from fright, exhaustion, fatigue, heat, and partial suffocation, were dragged into light, and consigned, in common with all the other bodies, into one common pit, by the hands of the village sweepers. One sepoy only was too much wounded in the conflict to suffer the agony of being taken to the scene of execution. He was accordingly reprimed for Queen's evidence, and forwarded to Lahore, with some forty-one subsequent captures, from Umrutris. There, in full parade before the other mutinously-disposed regiments at Meean Meer, they all suffered death by being blown away from the cannon's mouth. The execution at Ujhalla commenced at daybreak, and the stern spectacle was over in a few hours. Thus, within forty-eight hours from the date of the crime, there fell by the law nearly 500 men. All the crowds of assembled natives, to whom the crime was fully explained, considered the act 'righteous', but incomplete; because the magistrate did not hurl headlong into the chasm the rabble of men, women and children, who had fled miserably with the mutineers: they marvelled at the clemency and the justice of the British.

Thus the revolt in the Panjab having been quelled, it became possible to detach those columns to reinforce the army before Delhi, which enabled General Wilson to retake the Imperial city, and which rescued Agra at the moment when the rebel army from Indore had already reached it, and that from Gwalior was probably on the eve of marching upon it. We do not propose to follow Mr. Raikes through his narrative, which, though interesting, is somewhat meagre, and less vivid than might have been expected. But we must advert briefly to the inferences he makes as to our future policy in India, and we do so with the more satisfaction as they are exactly those which we have long since made for ourselves. In his concluding chapter, he points out the infinite obligations we are under to the native princes, without whose aid not even the genius and sagacity of Lawrence, nor the heroism and devotion of the army of Delhi, nor the generalship of Wilson, Nicholson, and Havelock could have saved us. "Let us," he adds, "henceforth, in order to reward and confirm this fidelity, take every opportunity of declaring our distaste to any future territorial expansion, and explain to every independent or protected State in India that we prefer faithful allies to doubtful subjects." Of the nobles and landed aristocracy he says, "The extinction of this class of men is not consistent with the safety or durability of our empire. We have erred with the best possible intentions—in paying too little heed to the position of the landed aristocracy, and our best plan is to acknowledge our error and to retrieve it." Lastly, of the people we read, "We cannot even try any longer to rule Asia on the constitutional principles of Europe. Nobody dislikes the attempt so much as the Asiatic himself. However philosophers may sneer, a 'paternal despotism' is not only the happiest, but the only régime for

India." When we add to these suggestions the re-organization of the police, purgation of the civil courts, simplification of the procedure, security of the landowner, and commutation of his burdens, we have enumerated safeguards sufficient against a second Indian rebellion, and can afford, perhaps, even to despise the last measure proposed by Mr. Raikes—the abolition of a native free press.

The Strawberry Girl; with other Thoughts and Fancies in Verse. By H. M. Rathbone. (Longman & Co.)

There can be no question that 'The Diary of Lady Willoughby,'—whether exact or inexact in all its seemings and details—set a fashion in light literature: even as 'Our Village' did before it. We are not sure that this volume of poems, whose slimness may cause it to have been overlooked, will repeat "the hit" in another world of Art and Fancy,—or that we shall have Sir Joshua's 'Muscipula' and 'Infant Hercules,' or Gainsborough's 'Blue-boy,' or Romney's 'Cassandra,' or even Turner's 'Carthage' (out of complaisance to Mr. Ruskin), dwelt on in verse by gentle imitators of Mrs. Rathbone. When we compare the picture of 'The Strawberry Girl' and the poem, we find that they do not quite agree. Sir Joshua's study was idealized by him. The turban (for turban his "Strawberry Girl" wears), the breast and shoulder knots, are a charming painter's caprice in peasant costume,—things to range (taking an august and classical illustration) with the Venetian brocades and pearls and dressed heads of the ladies in the Pisani Veronesi which has of late been an object of so much close remark in our National Gallery. Sir Joshua's Strawberry Girl wears on her arm a "pottle" from Covent Garden market,—and where are wild strawberries near London "for any child to pull"? (as Mary Howitt has sung). Thus in his picture are confusions—contradictions—impossibilities even,—which naturally enough may have been reconciled by the beauty and the harmony of a graceful nature, enamoured of a darling work of Art. Such reconciliation, however, defies the power of poetry to render it. Once more to illustrate, 'The Strawberry Girl' is a painter's picture,—Michael Angelo's 'Pensiero' a statue for immortality. To the one, we must adapt ourselves; the other must overawe every bystander.

Thus much in criticism on such delicate matters as themes for such poetry, as aspires to gain a general (not a select) public.—But there is enough in this volume, besides 'The Strawberry Girl,' to justify its writer in publishing verse. The following sparkles with the light of a clear stream running over its pebbly bed.—

THE BROOK.

A little Brook went singing
Through the flowery lea,
"On, onward must I hasten
The Silver Lake to see."

The little Brook runs merrily,
For nothing will she stay;
Through stones and pebbles winding,
She speeds her sparkling way.

The little Brook impatiently
Creeps through the bushes green,
And through the tall reed-forests
Where the sedge-bird's nest is seen.

The little Brook runs merrily,
For nothing doth she stay,
Till she comes where the speckled fishes
Pursue their noiseless play.

"Stop, little Brook!" they call to her,
"Nor sweep us on with thee;
Flow gently, through our shady pool
Beneath the willow-tree."

And the little Brook, all lovingly,
Flowed slowly through the pool;
Where her playful friends, the fishes,
Had their homes so deep and cool.

Then on again she hasten'd,
In cold, in rain, and heat;
Onward and onward springing
With eager twinkling feet.

Hastening, ever hastening—
Untiring, bright and free;
Now, little Brook—be happy—
Thy Silver Lake, oh see!

Then the little Brook leap'd wildly,
And down the glen she springs,—
O'er ferns and tangled branches
A cloud of spray she flings.

It ceased—the wild sweet music
Of the rippling waters pass'd
Away,—as, on the Lake's clear breast,
She found her home at last!

The ballad of 'The Village Funeral' will not bear extract or curtailment,—but it is natural and tender. The Sonnet we shall quote is a line too short,—but a true poem, on a true thought, nevertheless.—

TO A LARK

Singing close to a Railway Station.

Brave-hearted bird! who, with undaunted wing,
Despite the toiling engine's deafening sound,
From this bare spot on which no dew doth lie,
Up heavenward so joyously dost sing;
Time was, when, resting on the furrow'd ground,
Thy nestlings watch'd thee vanish in the sky,
And, poised in air, thy hymn of rapture sing;
Yet e'en in this drear waste thou still hast found
Sweet solace in the charm of minstrelsy,
The gift of song within thy breast concealed.
Oh for thy spirit, bird! hopeful and strong,
Born of the life in poet's heart reveal'd,
Which lifts the soul above all care and wrong!

What we like best in this little book are its least pretending pages. The following lines have much of the music of an Eolian harp. They are from a gathering of—

FRAGMENTS OF SONG.

Listen, Brother, listen!
Hearst thou not the sound
Of his footsteps on the ground,
Coming up the fir-tree walk?

Oh listen, listen!

Say not 't is the ivy-stalk,
Beating against the window-pane;
Or the dead leaves whirling round,
Eddying in a broken chain?

Listen, listen!

Again! oh listen, Brother dear!
A voice of one in grief and pain
Seemeth to call on me in vain—
Calling on me, to hear—

Brother dear!

Is it the bitter wind
Complaining to its kind,
As it howls across the waste?
That is all—no need of haste
To ope the door—
No one is there!
Woe is me!
No one is there,
No one there!

To sum up,—though this book shows incompleteness,—here restrained expression, there timid mechanism,—it is still, after all has been told, a book written from real feeling out of a true heart, and (within modest limits) an excursive fancy—a book therefore to be set apart from the majority of small books of poetry.

NEW NOVELS.

Beatrice Cenci: an Historical Novel of the Sixteenth Century. By F. D. Guerrazzi. Translated by Charles Alex. Scott. (Bosworth & Harrison.)—This book was not worth the labour of translation. The style is stilted and unreal—the narration tedious and feeble; and we cannot see how Mr. Scott can prove that Signor Guerrazzi's tale betters the case for the mournful beauty of the Barberini portrait, whose face once seen is never to be forgotten. Still less is he correct in stating that Beatrice's awful story is principally known to the English reader by Guido's haunting picture and Shelley's tremendous tragedy, with its arresting opening line—

That matter of the murder is hushed up,
and its hardly less remarkable closing words:—

Here, Mother, tie

My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot: ay, that does well;—
And yours, I see, is coming down. How often
Have we done this for one another! now
We shall not do it any more. My Lord,
We are quite ready.

—There is hardly a student of Italian history who is not cognizant of the document on which Shelley founded his play,—though the details do not permit anything beyond a distant allusion to this hideous episode. No treatment can bring the subject within the range of what we English understand as permissible art. That, at all events, which Shelley's stern and compressed language (remarkable as an example of modern English) failed to do will not be effected by Signor Guerrazzi's maundering style. Let us give a few lines, by way of specimen:—“Pale as a vestal wandering through the shades of night under the arcades of Paraclete to weep on the tomb of a departed companion, Beatrice, robed in white, and bearing a small lamp in her hand, issued from her father's house to enter the garden. Whither goes the adventurous girl at such an hour? She steps onward stealthily, and looks around her with fear and suspicion. Perhaps she comes forth to admire the immensity of the heavens, where the Almighty has written His glory in the stars; but the sky is encumbered with dark clouds. Comes she forth to list to the melancholy notes of the nightingale? No; for the tempestuous blasts have scared away the romantic warblers. It may be that the desolate girl comes in search of some meteor that may guide her through the darkness of her destiny. Or comes she in search of hope—that flower which dropped upon earth from the gardens of heaven? Alas! it is a flower too often nipped in the bud before its opening petals exhale its perfume. But why should we hesitate to reveal the truth? Beatrice Cenci came forth into the garden at such an hour to meet a fond and faithful lover. When and how did love first penetrate into that chaste bosom? How could love take root in that desolate heart? I once saw a solitary violet growing on a lofty granite rock, where the vulture rests his tired wings. Whence came the handful of earth on that elevation sufficient to nourish that tender flower? From Providence, who never created a desert without fountains, Alps without flowers, or sorrows without consolations.”—Nothing less to our taste could well be found than the above specimen of modern Italian fine writing. The old Arcadians and *concessisti* were bad,—but the tawdry folk of the present day are worse; and Italian “tawdry” has a thinness of quality which makes its tinsel, whether ancient or modern, doubly obvious.

Bertha Darley; or, Life in her Husband's Curacies. By L. H. B. (Blackwood.)—“Bertha Darley” is cleverly and carefully written. The characters are well drawn; and life, as it comes under a curate's observation, in a poor and populous district, is faithfully portrayed. The description of the Chartist rising in Yorkshire has a touch which reminds us of Miss Brontë's graphic narratives of similar outbreaks. But there is somewhat too much sorrow and suffering in the work to be exactly pleasant to the general reader, who has no predilection for being apostrophized in the words of Constance,—

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

and cares not to be regarded as a sufferer from unrequited love. Nevertheless, to a reader of another kind, the work is instructive and suggestive, yielding high moral teaching, with orthodox preaching, to say nothing of warm disquisitions on Evangelicals in general and Puseyites in particular.

The Chess-Board of Life. By Quis. (Blackwood.)—Quis has succeeded in squaring off the light and shade of life's chess-board to his entire satisfaction, as witness the following extract from the Preface:—“I present you with a dish of condiments that will please your intellectual palate, in whatever state it may happen to be. There is wit for you when you are lively, irony when satirical, pathos when lugubrious, mirth when cheerful, humour when jocose.” After such an exordium any praise we might have otherwise given would now be supererogatory; for who would paint the lily? At the same time, we are so reluctant to disturb the harmony, or destroy the hallucination, which evidently subsists between Quis and himself that we courteously forbear uttering a word in dis-

paragement, and content ourselves by dismissing our author with this simple paraphrase:—

A modest man's God's choicest work!

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Brief Memorials of the Case and Conduct of Trinity College, Dublin, A.D. 1689-90. Compiled from the College Records and other Authentic Authorities by the Ven. Arthur Blennerhassett Rowan, Archdeacon of Ardfert. (Dublin, Hodges & Co.)—Lord Macaulay remarks that when James the Second determined to strike at freehold interest, it would have been *prudent* to try the first experiment on some obscure individual, but that war was declared *at once* against the two most venerable corporations of the realm, Oxford and Cambridge. We would not be supposed to assert that James the Second ever did a prudent thing; but his first attack was in fact made upon a comparatively obscure corporation. The attempted encroachment of the king upon the privileges of Trinity College, Dublin, and the suffering of the Fellows, are of that numerous class of events which, though of more than local interest, hardly find their place in general history. They did not, and could not, lead to any great result, like the assault upon the freedom of our own Universities. They had, nevertheless, their moral effect in their day, and are interesting illustrations of the character of the times. In them we find one more proof of the systematic nature of the royal aggressions. We see in them additional instances of that providential stupidity of James the Second, to which, as a nation, we owe so much. The first attempt by James on the freedom of the Irish College was made as early as August, 1686, by directing that one Arthur Green, a ‘king's convert,’ should be elected Irish lecturer, but there was no Irish lectureship, so Green could not be appointed. Then followed an attempt similar to that subsequently made on Magdalen College, in which one Bernard Doyle held that position which Anthony Farmer occupied in the English struggle. The mandamus directed that Doyle should be elected a Fellow without the oaths, *except that of a Fellow*; but the Irish oath of a Fellow contained those abjurations most offensive to a Papist, so Doyle refused to take it. Doyle, upon inquiry, proved (like Farmer) to be such a thorough scoundrel that his Royal Patron was forced to give him up, and he was heard of no more. The conduct of the majority of the Fellows when James landed at Kinsale is somewhat more prudent than dignified,—they ran away to England. Four Fellows only remained. These men behaved nobly under a variety of oppressions, and only one of them survived to enjoy those better times inaugurated by the Battle of the Boyne. Then the others, who had been in England, returned, and some of them became Bishops, some Deans, and some Professors, confirming thereby the truth of the proverb that asserts the superiority of the position of those who run away. The narrative here given has much historical interest, and in its details will be new to many, even of those whose reading extends beyond the railway libraries. It is set forth with conciseness and simplicity, and is worthy of the hour or two that its perusal requires.

Juvenile Crime: its Causes, Character, and Cure. By Samuel Phillips Day. (Hope.)—Much that is contained in this volume has been rendered familiar to most readers in previous publications. Mr. Day, so far as his work is a statement of facts, arrives at little more than the objects of a compiler; but he adds a consecutive commentary of his own upon the several groups of causes, effects and remedies discussed. He treats, in detail, of pauperism,—the immoral education of the poor—low lodging-houses—popular ignorance—intemperance—places of profigate amusement—vile publications—workhouses—crime, punishment, and reformation. The matter brought together is ample and lucidly arranged; and Mr. Day himself seems to have devoted no superficial study to the problem he is ambitious of solving. As an illustration of the view developed, we may quote a prefatory allusion to penal discipline:—“I am not a little gratified to find that the hitherto immovable authorities of Newgate have at length consented to and autho-

rized important improvements in that prison. One hundred and thirty new cells are now in course of construction, which, when completed, will have the effect of partly preventing the promiscuous association and intercommunication of idle prisoners, for which Newgate Prison has been so long and so disgracefully notorious.”—This, which sets forth a part of Mr. Day's main idea, is also an exemplification of his style—not a little cumbersome and disjointed. We have no doubt, however, that the book will attract the attention of those to whom it is more particularly addressed.

Household Economy: a Manual intended for Female Training Colleges and the Senior Classes of Girls' Schools. (Constable & Co.)—Miss Brewster, in this excellent little volume, asks and answers a series of questions, which may be indicated as follows:—How to keep well.—What do we eat?—How are we clothed?—What shall we do in the household?—What shall we do with the fowls?—With the cows?—With the pig?—With the bees?—With the purse?—In the sick room?—These explanations are designed for the use of servants and humble housekeepers,—the whole being written in a plain, genial, attractive manner, and constituting, in the best sense of the word, a practical domestic manual.

Early Ancient History, or the Anti-Greek Period. By Henry Menzies. (Chapman & Hall.)—This is a volume intended for popular use, which professes to sketch the history of the world as shadowed forth especially by Egyptian and Syrian monuments. It is a well-written, sensible and useful book. Mr. Menzies has wandered into no fanciful digressions, nor has he sought to fill up historical vacancies by philosophical invention. Of course, when dealing with the Tablets of Kaman and Abydos, with the Empires of the Pyramids and Temple, with Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar, it is impossible not to be slightly hypothetical, but Mr. Menzies has been singularly cautious in avoiding the common sin of compilers who venture into the twilight epochs. Without laying too much stress on his critical opinion, or on his discrimination of authorities—“Mr. Rawlinson” included—we may commend his little work as new and plain, and likely to be of service to educators.

A Guide to the View from Brimstree Hill, in the Parish of Shifnal, and County of Salop. (Shifnal, Teddon.)—Brimstree Hill, it seems, is a public promenade where the Salopians of Shifnal congregate,—the ground having been given, and tables, benches and a stone pavilion provided by the munificence of Mr. Slaney. Thence may the Shifnalite see a part of the old Forest of Sherlot, the house of Boscobel, the Wrekin, Tong Castle, Brown and Blue Hills and Broseley, where tobacco-pipes are made. The whole prospect is minutely and pleasantly described in the little local handbook, with legendary and personal gossip lightly intermingled.

Index to the British Catalogue of Books published during the Years 1837 to 1857 inclusive. Compiled by Sampson Low. (Low & Co.)—Mr. Low has now completed a work upon which he has been long engaged, and which in some respects claims a national character. The volume now issued is, as its title explains, an Index to the British Catalogue, not referring to every book, “but to such only as required to be collected under a given head.” Thus, for example, “Individual biography or works of fiction, unless embracing any special subject, will not be found in the Index, because that would be a mere repetition of the regular alphabetical portions of the Catalogue.” In the Catalogues of 1855 and 1856 Mr. Low experimented in the art of indication by presenting a ‘Concordance of Titles.’ The Index is now greatly improved; and Mr. Low has thus, we believe, at least prepared the foundation of a thoroughly useful guide to the literature of this country as produced during the last thirty years. Upon rigid examination flaws and omissions may be detected,—but the work, as a whole, is very creditable to its compiler, and will be found of great service to the trade as well as to special or systematic readers.

Letters on India. By Edward Sullivan. (Sampson & Otley.)—These Letters are lively and truthful, and deserve to be read even now that the

changes are consummated, which, when the author took pen in hand, were only imminent. Here and there, indeed, the author hobbles a little, as in the following sentence:—"If the principle of Constitutional Government is worth anything, it ought, by this time, and I believe it has, if men would only follow them, laid down such broad highways of foreign and domestic policy, that the State can travel by herself, and requires only the careful assistance of men of ordinary talent, and sterling honour and integrity, to check her, or move ahead, as circumstances may dictate; if all the vaunted advantages of Constitutional Government has not done this for us, in what way is it better than the other hundred-and-one systems at work in the world?" Occasionally, too, Mr. Sullivan's statistics are somewhat in error, as where he assigns 300 inhabitants to the square mile in Ouch. This population is greatly over-rated, but we forgive the blunder, as Dugald Dalgetty did the unsavoury metaphor, for the use that was made of it. On the whole, we think Mr. Sullivan's views reasonable and just, and can recommend his volume.

Three legal pamphlets lie on our table—*The Court of Exchequer and the County Courts*, by H. G. Jones, a county court Judge (Stevens & Norton),—*An Effective Revision of our Annual Legislation, and a Consolidation of our Statute Law obtainable by the Creation of a Legislative Committee of the Privy Council*, by Robert Malcolm Kerr, LL.D. (printed for private circulation),—and *A Letter to Lord Brougham on his Bill to Facilitate the Transfer of Real Estate*, by John Fawcett (Ridgway).—Relating to medical interests are *Four Letters to Sir James Clark on Administrative Reform as applied to Medical Schools and the Examining Boards*, by Alexander Harvey, M.D. (Churchill),—*On the Causes of Idiocy*, by Dr. A. S. Howe (MacLachlan & Stewart),—*Practical Hints upon the Administration of Galvanism for the Treatment of Disease*, by Harry William Lobb (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.),—and *On the Transmission of Diseases between Man and the Lower Animals*, by W. Lander Lindsay, M.D. (from the 'Edinburgh Veterinary Review').—Mr. George H. Bolton publishes a few practical pages on the *Principles of Animal Nutrition, particularly as regards the Vigorous Condition of the Horse* (Liverpool, Benson & Mallett).—“A Baker” issues *An Address to Master and Journeyman Bakers* (Myers), discussing the subject in a medical light.—*The Report of the Lock Hospital Asylum and Chapel for 1858* has been circulated.—Topics of a somewhat kindred character receive illustration from various points of view, in *Sanitary Science*, by W. Tindal Robertson, M.D. (Walton & Maberly),—*Progressive Agriculture*, by J. A. Williams, of Baydon, Wilts. (Ridgway),—and *The Sewage Question and State of the River Thames*, by Benjamin Young and Peter Brown (Folkard).—*Universal Currency* (Effingham Wilson) is a large and bold suggestion by Mr. T. A. Teft,—and *Street Nomenclature*, “a new and simple plan” for remedying a great public inconvenience (Effingham Wilson).—*Allan's Systems of Inland and Submarine Telegraphy* is an elaborate descriptive letter addressed to Lord Derby. Capt. Blakeley dedicates to his brother officers of the Royal Artillery an account of his *Proposed New Method of constructing Cannon, with Remarks on the Objections raised by the Government Officials* (Ridgway).—Of the three little publications following, it will be sufficient to record the titles—*Remarks on the Berkeleyan or Immortal Theory*, by G. H. Wood, published in the Isle of Man (Curphrey),—“*Aspiration of the Articles “A” and “An”*,” by James Johnson (Owen & Co.), and *Royal Rosebuds; or, Historical Sketches of Illustrious Children* (Mozley), by a compiler who extends his series from Abijah, the son of Jeroboam, to Louis, Duke of Burgundy.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Alford's *Homilies on Acts of the Apostles*, Chap. 1 to 10, Svo. 12s. Arthur's *Bell Manus.* Svo. 1s. 6d. Bohn's *Hist. Lit.* 4 vols. Dated by Braybrooke, Vol. 4, 2s. cl. Bohn's *Illust. Lib.* “*Aristotle's Orlando Furioso*,” by Rose, Vol. 2, 2s. Bohn's *Stand. Lib.* “*Locke's Life and Letters*,” by King, 2s. 6d. cl. Bethell's *Terminus pr. in Bangor Cathedral*, Vol. 2, Svo. 10s. 6d. cl. Birk's *Confessions of a Christian Parent*, 3d edit. 18mo. 2s. Burke's *Royal Descent and Pedigree of Founders' Kin*, Part 2, 12s. 6d. s.w. Complete, 2s. cl. Christian Union and How to Get It, Svo. 1s. cl. Clover's *Christian Temper*, 4th edit. 1s. 6d. cl.

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[ADVERTISEMENT.]—BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE JAMES MORISON, the HYGEIST.—Whereas certain low and unprincipled doctors are publishing throughout the country, in tracts and magazines, false accounts as to the birth, education and family of the late James Morison the Hygeist, this is to put the public on their guard against such schemes, and that the Biography of the Hygeist, as published by the British College of Health, Euston Road, London, is the only correct one.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

HEAR you now a throbbing wind that calls
Over ridge of cloud and purple flake ?
Sad the sunset's ruin'd palace-walls,
Grey the line of mist along the lake,
Even as the mist of Memory.
O the summer-nights that used to be !

An evening rises from the dead
Of long ago (ah me, how long !),
Like a story, like a song,
Told, and sung, and pass'd away.
Love was there, that since is fled,
Hope, whose looks have turn'd to grey,
Friendship, with a tongue of truth,
And a beating heart of youth,
Joy, that angelwise alighted,
Frequent, welcome, uninvited;
Love and Friendship, Hope and Joy,
With arms about each other's neck,
Merrily watching a crescent moon
Slung to its gold nail of a star,
Like a hunter's horn when the chase is done,
Over the fading crimson bar ;
Where deep night-blue had never a speck,
As pleasure no alloy.

Against the colours of the west
Trees were standing tall and black ;
The voices of the day at rest,
Night rose around, a solemn flood,
With fleets of worlds. But still our merry mood
Rippled in music to the rock and wood ;
Music with echoes, never to come back.
The touch upon my hand is this alone—
A heavy tear-drop of my own.

Listen to the breeze : “ O loitering Time !—
Unresting Time !—O viewless rush of Time !”
Thus it calls and swells and falls,
From the sunset's wasted palace-walls,
And ghostly mists that climb.

W. A.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE first glorious messages that have flashed from nation to nation beneath the waters of the Atlantic have been made in acknowledgment of the glory of God, and expressive of hopefulness that peace and good will may be established among men. The deities of old are described as employing “ winged words,” but these were not swifter of flight, nor more striking of import than the words winged with truth, feeling, and gracefulness which

mark the greetings that have passed between the Queen of Great Britain, on behalf of herself and subjects, and the President of America, with the citizens of the United States behind him. The words of Mr. Buchanan allude, indeed, to the possibility that peace on earth and good will among men may not always prevail, and he suggests that, in case of hostilities, the electric telegraph cables should be held neutral. The establishing of the cable has rendered war a less likely contingency than it used to be, and the neutrality of the line will enable belligerents all the more speedily to re-establish peace, after hostilities may have commenced. The suggestion will be realized : it were folly to doubt,—despite the assurance of a French journal that the powers of France, in case of a war with England, would not respect the line by which England may communicate with India, and the expressed conviction of the same journal that the English Government would destroy any wire which profited France. We disbelieve both assurance and conviction ; and we trust that the literature of the line, if we may so call it, will be respected by the most wicked or foolish nation that may bring again upon earth the curse of war. In such an evil time, if the flashing electric spark be not impeded, *nihil per salutem* will lose its force, and if we go quickly and foolishly to war, we shall also be enabled to secure peace, not by the slow course of protocols, but, to use the phrase of Augustus, *Citius quam asparagi coquuntur*.

While potentates, monarchical, republican, and municipal, are exchanging compliments, the people at the Newfoundland end of the line are looking to the practical purposes of the wire, and are described as being “ mad for news.” The Americans, too, are not only jubilant themselves, they are suggesting the necessity of an international jubilee—“ to commemorate throughout all time the linking of the Old and New Worlds, the marriage of the virgin America to the hale and robust Europe.” The *New York Weekly Herald* adds, that “ if Victoria does not propose it to Buchanan, let Buchanan propose it to Victoria,” and considers that that will settle the question. Meanwhile Russia has astonished us here at home, by a feat which shows that she has electric wires laid from Moscow in the direction of China, whence she has transmitted to us intelligence later than any news of our own by a month ! There is something seriously suggestive in this, which does not, however, trouble our neighbours the French. *They* are looking on the pleasant and curious side of the subject, and are laughing to think on the perplexities to which old Time will now be driven ! See, exclaims the grave *Débats*, the effects of the difference of longitude ! A despatch which leaves Berlin at six in the evening arrives at Paris at half-past five. Then the *Débats* is hilarious at the results to happen when there shall be direct communication by wire between St. Petersburg and New York. A message sent from the Russian capital at noon will actually reach New York at seven o'clock in the morning of the same day ! On the other side of the Atlantic, the sender of a message having the difference of longitude between where he was and whither he was sending, announced that his wife “ had just given birth to a boy, a minute after midnight, to-morrow.” Finally, there are the hunters-out of coincidences, and some of these have discovered that on the 29th of May the *Agamemnon* sailed from Plymouth,—on the 29th of June broke the cable at her stern,—and made the splice in mid-ocean, on the last and successful attempt, on the 29th of July. The American papers claim for the *Niagara* the honour of having landed both ends of the cable—that on the Irish shore on the 5th of August, 1857 ; and that on the coast of Newfoundland on the same day of the following year ! Perhaps, a not less striking coincidence is to be found in the circumstance, that on the 3rd of August, the squadron left the Cove of Cork for Valentia Bay, and that on the same day just 365 years previously—a grand year of years intervening—Columbus put out from the little port of Palos, in Andalusia, to go in search of that new world which is now really linked to our own.

CHANNEL LITERATURE—DUNKIRK OR DOVER.

In our recent review of the 'South-Eastern Railway Guide,' we noticed some incidents of the older time, showing the intolerable nuisance that the buccaneering Dunkirkers were to the town of Dover, and to travellers thence who ventured on the sea. For these subjects, there was, in bygone days a Channel Literature,—namely, a constant pamphleteering, or petitioning, or remonstrating, on the evils accruing to honest and peaceable Englishmen from this redoubt and unprincipled Dunkirk. This class of literature was, perhaps, most active in the reign of Queen Anne; for then our forefathers seemed to themselves to have reached the halcyon days, when Dunkirk was to cease to exist, as a menace. In 1713 a remarkable pamphlet was published by an anonymous author, entitled 'Dunkirk or Dover; or, the Queen's Honour, the Nation's Safety, the Liberties of Europe, and the Peace of the World, all at Stake till that Fort and Port be totally demolish'd by the French.' The evils caused by the Dunkirkers, to which we did little more than allude in our review, are thus strikingly summed up by the writer of the pamphlet:—"It would be as needless," he says, "to insist on the dangerous and destructive importance of Dunkirk, as to show the force and situation of it. Sufficient indications of both are those thousands of British and Belgick families reduced to beggary and starving, the prodigious number of ships taken or destroyed, the immense quantities of treasure and the millions of lives miserably lost." A century and a half ago these "sad considerations" induced the Parliament to petition the Queen, to insist, in the treaty then on foot, "that the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk may be demolished and destroyed." Through Marlborough and Townsend, a solemn pledge was consequently obtained from Louis the Fourteenth that the entire destruction desired should be effected within four months, "to the satisfaction of the Queen of Great Britain." But the period passed away, the French monarch eluded the ratification of his pledge, the Ministry here was changed, and the Most Christian King despatched Monsieur Mesnager to Anne, with a joke and a stipulation. To take the latter first, Louis declared that he would carry out all he had promised respecting Dunkirk, as soon as peace was established, "on condition that for the fortifications of that place, a proper equivalent that may content him, be given him;" adding, that as England could not supply the equivalent, the subject should be referred to the collective wisdom of (that still unsatisfactory body) a "conference" at Paris. The literature of protocols has seldom exhibited more cleverness than in this document of which Louis was the author. The joke alluded to above was to be found in the hint conveyed by Louis, that as Dunkirk had cost him so large a sum when he bought it from Charles the Second, it was hardly fair to put him to the expense of razing its fortifications and filling up its harbour, without giving him an "equivalent" for his pains. This hit at the venality of "Rowley" was felt more or less pleasantly or acutely throughout England; but the English people themselves found consolation some time after, when Dunkirk was garrisoned by the Queen's troops. The fortifications, however, remaining undisturbed, the Channel literature was again aroused, and pamphleteers now vigorously demanded wherefore the King of France had not received his "equivalent" as thereon rested the matter of rendering Dunkirk harmless? An official reply asserted that the equivalent was in His Majesty's hands, but did not mention its quality. Then this Channel literature took a new form, and the Salopians led the party in England whose petitions sought of the Queen, now that she had got possession of the place, to exercise the wise discretion of keeping it. Another party was represented by the writers who counselled Her Majesty, not to keep, but to sell Dunkirk. And a third had its exponents in the pamphleteers and journalists who published 'Reasons for not Demolishing Dunkirk,' and tracts of a similar quality. Of this party the author of 'Dunkirk or Dover' speaks with great asperity, classing their arguments as being "of a piece with the sophistical insinuations of

the *Examiner* and the rest of the French Hackneys," and thus suggesting that we had a press of the day which was in the pay of the French Government. Against that government, the last writer is bitter without being uncourteous,—and he scruples not to say that "if Dunkirk be not demolished, it will be destined once again for a port to the Pretender," which was no bad attempt at vaccination.

At the present time the subject of Cherbourg has occupied various minds and pens on both sides of the Channel. Our readers may compare the spirit which has of late been raised with that with which some of our forefathers treated the subject of Dunkirk and the proposal that we should keep it. The pamphleteer of Queen Anne's time was, as will be seen, thoroughly English, honest and far-seeing. "I affirm," he says, "with the good leave of those trusty Salopians, that the keeping of Dunkirk would be a manifest treachery and breach of Faith, a thing for which the Britons have not been infamous during a long series of Ages. Of this let us leave our worst enemies in the uninterrupted possession they have kept of the same since Julius Caesar's time, the fatal instances whereof take up so much room in the Annals of all European and many other Nations. Let us, in God's name, rather still be reckon'd thoughtless, blunt, and easily deluded (words our Enemies have found, by which to express our honesty, sincerity and fair dealing) than with them to be counted artful, dissembling, and perfidious." The Dutch have paid the whole Equivalent, or at least the better part of it (for Monsieur Mesnager says the English could not furnish it) and yet we must keep the town. This needs no Comment. And God forbid we should take any such advantage over the French themselves." Again, when treating of the address of the Dunkirkers, presented by their chief magistrate M. Tugghe, to the Queen, praying her to leave the harbour and fortifications uninjured, the author introduces two personages, the identification of whom may give some occupation to literary antiquarians. "None in Europe," remarks the writer, "is so stupid, by the way, as to imagine any town in France would dare of their own heads to send Deputies to any Potentate whatsoever: nor would such Deputies dare to come of such an impudent errand hither, unless supported by hopes better grounded than appears to every body, but which in time may be made manifest to all the World. Animated therefore by these same hopes of succeeding (whatever they may be) Monsieur Tugghe presents a second Address, which, upon having been printed and dispers'd gratis, at the Royal Exchange and elsewhere, to try the pulse of people, did very much surprize and alarm all the world. But a certain person haveing that same night discover'd by whose means that Address was translated into English, and handed to the Press, his friends were no longer at a loss whither to trace that Transaction; the chief agent being a certain Baronet, who so spends his time between Mincing-lane, Somerset-house, and York-buildings, that 'tis not more easy to say at which of those places he lives, than whether in a little time, at this ubiquitarian rate, he can be properly said to live in any place at all. However, the minute he was known to be concern'd in this matter, nobody doubted of the rest: for when once a man has sold himself to the Devil, whatever he's a doing afterwards, tis concluded he's employ'd in his Master's business. How unlike is this to the conduct in another Refugee? who, when a certain hot Dignitary in the Church was soliciting his vote at a late Election, answer'd, he would take it as his rule to vote on the contrary side with him; for that as their King was put upon banishing of them from their own native Country by his bigotted Priests, he would never be for making the Priests of the Country that received him, powerful enough to send him once more a travelling, not knowing where this Priest-riding humour might stop."

With this glance at old events, old times, and old literature our readers may compare modern circumstances, modern times, and the modern way of handling the subject of Cherbourg, which engages the attention now, as that of Dunkirk—

which was ultimately dismantled—did, our puzzled fathers in the reign of solemn Anne.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Naples.

THAT there should exist a picture by Raphael—a well-known, celebrated picture—of which the authenticity has never been even doubted—which has never yet been engraved, and which is familiar to few persons, except the curious in Art who may have visited Naples—is not this almost inconceivable? and yet it is quite true. This picture is in the Palace of the King of Naples, and is generally known as "the Naples Madonna," but more properly as "the Altar-piece painted for the Nuns of Sant' Antonio in Perugia." I had the pleasure of seeing it but a short time ago, and it came upon me with such a freshness that I am tempted to share the pleasure with others.

It was originally an altar-piece, consisting of seven separated parts, which might be read in connexion with each other, like the separate pages of a book. There was first the central panel, containing the principal subject; then the Lunette, above; and, lastly, the Predella, in five compartments below. This was the original arrangement; but the parts have been dismembered and scattered in the usual tasteless manner. The central panel and Lunette remaining in Naples, while the five portions of the Predella are dispersed in England.

The story of the picture is otherwise interesting. It was ordered by the nuns for their church at Perugia, when Raphael was a mere youth, and began in the same year in which he painted the famous Sposalizio of the Brera at Milan (1504). He was then not quite one-and-twenty, and in the following year, after his first visit to Florence, it was completed; thus, on the conception and execution of this lovely picture, there is a mingling of the *naïveté*, delicacy, and deep religious sentiment of his early style, with that elegance and power which he had derived from his Florentine studies, and his friendship with Fra Bartolomeo. It existed untouched in the chapel for which it was painted till the year 1663, when the small pictures forming the Predella were taken asunder, and sold to an agent who was collecting for Queen Christina of Sweden; thus they passed, with others of her pictures, into the Orleans Gallery, and thence into England. The two principal compartments were sold a few years later (in 1678) to a collector at Rome, passed into the possession of Prince Colonna, and thence, it seems uncertain whether by gift or purchase, into the Palace of the King of Naples, where they have remained ever since. As the Palace is not remarkable for its gallery, nor open to the public without an especial permission, people who wish to see pictures are generally satisfied with the Museo Borbonico, and a certain doubtful Raphael which hangs up there: and as those who visit the Palace are hurried through the fine gilded saloons in the usual rapid and uncourteous manner, it happens that they bring away but a vague impression of this admirable and interesting picture. There exists up to this time no engraving or copy that I ever heard of, except a miserable small outline in D'Agincourt's work, to show the composition, which has been repeated on a very diminutive scale in Kugler's 'Handbook.' There is nothing uncommon in the central subject; but the grouping is most graceful and original. The Virgin, sustaining her divine Son, is seated on a splendid architectural throne, to which there is an ascent by several steps; on the highest step the little St. John, clothed in a tunic, approaches in an attitude of adoration: the Virgin with a most benign action inclines towards him, and puts her arm round him as if to encourage him and draw him towards the Saviour, who extends his little hand in benediction. It is impossible to conceive anything more lovely than the reciprocal sentiment in the Mother and the two Children, who, it must be observed, are both fully draped, as was usual in pictures painted for nunneries; and here the infant Christ, in addition to his white tunic, wears over it a kind of regal mantle of purple and gold. On each side of the throne, and elevated on the steps, stand the two Christian Muses—St. Catherine with

her book, and St. Cecilia with her garland of roses from Paradise (not *St. Rosalia*, *certainly*, as is usually described, for she was not canonized till 1626—nor St. Dorothea, for reasons I cannot give here at length), both these female heads are most lovely and dignified. In front, and lower down on each side, stand the majestic figures of St. Peter and St. Paul. In the Lunette above, the symbolic effigy of the *Padre Eterno* blesses the group beneath, while two adoring angels bend in worship. On the Predella, the centre represented the Pietà (it once belonged to Mrs. Whyte, of Barron Hill); on one side, the Prayer on the Mount of Olives, (the same which used to hang in Mr. Rogers's breakfast-room); on the other, the Procession to Calvary (now at Leigh Court). The figures of St. Francis and St. Antony of Padua, as patron Saints of the Order and the Convent, stood on each side; these are now at Dulwich, in a very bad condition. All these small compositions have been engraved; but of the important and beautiful central group there exists neither engraving nor copy. My anxiety to procure some transcript or memorial of any kind led, however, to an introduction which I shall always remember with pleasure. I was induced to visit the studio of Prof. Aloysio Juvara, the pupil and friend of Paolo Toschi (the famous engraver of Parma), and his chief assistant in producing those fine and finished engravings after Correggio which have excited such deserved admiration. Aloysio, I was told, had begun to engrave the *Raphael* by the King's permission; and on a visit I paid to his studio I found him at work on the copper-plate, already in a forward state, and exhibiting, in the proofs which were shown to me, such a truth and delicacy in the drawing,—such softness and exquisite modelling in the heads,—and so much of flowing grace, without weakness or indecision, and of firmness without hardness in the line,—that I was struck with admiration, and could think of only two modern engravings with which to compare it, as a work of Art:—the *Blenheim Madonna*, by Gruner, and the Dresden *'Palma'*, by Steimla. In the studio of Prof. Aloysio I found also a drawing from another most remarkable and precious picture, 'The Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple,' by Girolamo Alibrandi (or Alibrandi), of Messina, a painter quite unknown out of his own country, but worthy to take a high place in the highest domain of Art, blending the characteristics of the Venetian school, in which he had studied in his early years, with the grander style of Raphael and Leonardo, yet with a certain originality of treatment which places him far beyond the mass of imitators and copyists; in fact, he seems to belong to no school, and to have left no school behind him. Kugler merely mentions him among the followers of Leonardo, which he was not. Lanzi, in the fourth edition of his History, places Alibrandi in a note, speaking of this very picture, which is in the Church of the Candelora at Messina, as a perfect *chef-d'œuvre*, for the novelty and dramatic power of the conception and grouping, the grand vigorous drawing, the luxuriant beauty of the architecture and other accessories, and the truly Venetian glow and harmony of the colour. I was struck by the singular grace and significance of a group in front, representing, as I think, Mary Salome with the infant St. John on her knees, and stretching forth her hand to reprove a boy who, with frowning brow and doubled fists, is about to strike at a lamb—young Judas, in short. The careful and beautiful drawing which I had the opportunity of studying was made by Signor Aloysio for the purpose of engraving; but as Alibrandi is so little known, and as no interest or curiosity has yet been excited, he waits for encouragement. Meantime, the *Raphael* makes progress, and I hope I may live to see it finished; until then, the engraved cycle of *Raphael's* works cannot be said to be complete. A. J.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The widow of Dr. John M'Culloch previous to her decease, last Sunday, had presented to the University of Oxford, for the New Museum and the use of the Professors, the entire collection of minerals and rocks formed by her late husband. The collection is very extensive, containing, besides a

large series of minerals, the rocks described in his various works. It occupies seventeen large cabinets, besides nearly as many boxes.

There is news from Dr. Livingstone to the 26th of June. At that time the Expedition had reached the Zambezi, an entrance into which river was, with difficulty, found for the Pearl. This vessel has gone on to Ceylon, and the travellers, "all well," were about proceeding to Téte in the steam-launch Ma Robert.

Frederick George Terry, the last surviving son of the late Daniel Terry, the once popular actor, died of fever, on the 29th of last May, at Melbourne, where he was highly esteemed for his ability and integrity. Mr. F. G. Terry was in his 30th year.

"W. M. T." thus replies to a paragraph in our last on the Addison portrait:—"Your Correspondent 'E. J. G.' who sends a note about the Addison portrait at Holland House, is under a complete mistake as to the point in controversy. The painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller, of which an engraving is found in 'The Poetical Register' of 1724, and in a score of other publications of the time, is not the portrait, 'the identity of which is in dispute,' and is not the portrait of Sir Andrew Fountaine, as I think must be known to every one who has carefully read the letters on the subject in the *Athenæum*. The fact that this (the Kneller portrait) 'must have been engraved less than four years after Addison's death' is, therefore, no contradiction to the statement in my previous communication, that the portrait in dispute 'was never engraved,' and that 'for twenty years after Addison's death we have many portraits of him, but not one from the portrait at Holland House.'

By letters from Capt. M'Clintock we learn that in the last season he was unable to get into the north water, and passed the winter in the pack. He recruited at Disco, and has proceeded again in search of the missing Expedition.

Alluding to the candidate for Junius, the Rev. Phil. R.—gen, whom we brought forward last week from the *Gazetteer* of January 24, 1774, a Correspondent writes as follows:—"The identity would have been perfectly clear in 1774, though few would see it in 1858. The Rev. Philip Rosenhagen is lost because he published nothing with his name. But he was very well known in the literary world, and better still in the convivial world; this, however, must have been more after 1774 than before. He had the sort of reputation to which Theodore Hook should attach a name as the brightest and most enduring instance of it. He took a high-bottle degree in England, and was admitted *ad eundem* in India, where he went as chaplain some time before 1798, to increase and fortify the well-earned gout which he carried out with him. I think I have heard from those who knew him that he had been one of the boon companions of the Prince of Wales. He was a necessary man to be fixed on as the author of Junius at a time when any man of much talent and no particular scruple, who wrote nothing which he acknowledged, was set down as one to be looked after in that matter. And if it should turn out after all that Junius is to be written by some biting scamp on whom no lasting suspicion has settled, this same Philip Rosenhagen has a fair chance. I think that the Junius rumour was current among his acquaintance."

The Author of 'Novels and Novelists' replies to a paragraph in our last number:—"Allow me in a few lines to assure your Irish Correspondent, that Maturin, like numerous other departed novelists of great powers, was passed over without special mention in 'Novels and Novelists' simply because the design of my work admitted of my noticing only a few of the very large number of our past and present writers of fiction. Every post brings me letters of inquiry from persons, known and unknown, asking me why such and such writers were omitted. To all these questions and to your Irish Correspondent I would answer, that I never proposed including in my work memoirs of all the novelists. There is nothing in its title to mislead the public into a belief that in purchasing it they will obtain possession of a complete dictionary of fiction writers. I have by me a list of more than

400 British novelists of respectable ability, none of whom are mentioned in any way whatever in my pages. It would require, not two volumes, but twenty, and a life of labour, to notice them all. My object was to paint by a series of biographic sketches the rise and progress of the British Novel, and out of a host of claimants on my attention, I selected for treatment those whose writings, experiences and personal qualities appeared best calculated to illustrate the history of the *art* and the ever-varying position of the *artist*. Mr. Thackeray, in his 'Humorists,' directed his attention to those who best answered the purpose he had in view, and I am not aware that he has in any quarter been censured for neglecting the thousand and one literary friends of Addison and Swift, whose names, although they were humourists, are not even alluded to in his Lectures.—JOHN C. JEAFFRESON."

The Minister of the Interior of the Sandwich Islands has officially recommended that the English language, which is already that of the court and of trade, shall be adopted as the national language.—Another Sandwich *trait* worth noticing is the fact of a splendid lace robe for the Prince Royal (Prince of Hawaii) having been procured from Ireland.

Mr. Morison's biography is not likely to fail for want of notes. Here is one for which we are indebted to a Correspondent:—

"Neale Street, Ipswich, Aug. 20.

"My father, late proprietor of the *Kentish Gazette*, repeatedly has in my presence related how Mr. Morison was indebted to him a sum of money for printing, and when pressed for payment sent for him. He went, and found him living in humble circumstances in Northgate Street, Canterbury, and as settlement of the account offered to sell him the prescription for his pills for 10*l.* He refused to purchase it, and the next time they had an interview was at the Pier Hotel, Herne Bay, when Mr. Morison had made a fortune.—I am, &c.

"H. WARD."

The Haytian students in the Paris colleges have this year carried off their full share of honours, and the occasion has been celebrated by the men of colour by a banquet. It is hoped by these gentlemen, who consider themselves of the same hue as Hannibal, Terence, and, perhaps, some of the African Bishops, that similar banquets may yearly celebrate similar triumphs.

At the recent profuse distribution of crosses in France, science and literature came in for a little of the honour,—the blind Prof. Monck, the great Orientalist and the sprightly author Henri Murger, are now entitled to wear the civil red ribbon. Had they been destroyers rather than enlighteners of their kind, the distinction conferred on them would have carried with it what even authors and philosophers do not despise—a pension. This anomaly in the constitution of the Legion is, we are told, about to be corrected.

The death of the Marquis (Olivier de St. George) de Verac, at the age of ninety, in his old château du Tremblay, cannot pass without a word on our parts. When a boy he filled the post of private secretary to the Baron de Breteuil, then resident at Soleure. Baron and boy alone possessed the secret (out of Paris) of the intended royal journey to Varennes. The gallant lad more than once put his life in jeopardy by secret visits to the capital, and even after the arrest of the unhappy sovereigns, he contrived to put himself in communication with the royal prisoners. M. de Verac retained in his possession several letters and fragments of letters written by Louis the Sixteenth and Marie-Antoinette, and the hoped-for publication of these would tend, we are assured, to raise in the general esteem the king and queen to whom misfortune gave such terrible dignity.

On the 15th inst. Jena, or rather Germany at Jena, celebrated the grand or third centenary jubilee of the University there established. The festival lasted three days, under the auspices of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar; and the meetings and recognitions of aged ex-students seem to have been as touching as the joyousness of the younger scholars was exhilarating. The solemn inauguration of the monument in honour of Duke John Frederick was the great feature of the occasion.

There had like to have been one, indeed, of greater excitement. In 1817, the students' societies at Jena carried a banner with them to the Wartbourg, which the Germanic Diet pronounced to be sedition, and it was ultimately transferred to Bern. From this place it was brought by Prof. Schmidt, in order that it might figure at the festival; but the cautious Professor hesitated to deliver it up to the associations of students, lest the displaying of it might again be considered by the authorities as a revolutionary symbol. There was much controversy on the point, distinguished by great good taste, for the feelings of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar were courteously taken into account, and an entirely new flag was adopted by the hilarious *Burschenschaften*. For some days the little town and its charming neighbourhood presented an animated scene of bustle and gaiety. Strangers from all parts of Germany had flocked thither, and those friends and old pupils of the Thuringian *Alma Mater* who could not appear in person, like Alexander von Humboldt and others, sent letters and presents as tokens of their kind remembrance. Even from New York, and other towns of the United States of America, addresses arrived. Among the presents we only mention that of the Prince and Princess of Prussia, consisting of the busts of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, and that of Herr Brockhaus, the Leipzig publisher, who sent a *carte blanche* to select from his extensive stock for the University library as many publications as should appear desirable. Speeches, meetings, divine service, musical performances, balls, and great "Commerces" (where songs and beer flowed freely, and one of which was honoured by the presence of the Grand-Duke and the Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar) were held in honour of the solemn event. Some literary contributions were not wanting.

By order of the Grand Duke Constantine, the library of the Emperor Paul the First has been arranged, and a catalogue made. On this occasion a little parcel of manuscripts by Lavater was found, hitherto unknown to his biographers, and consisting of letters addressed by the celebrated physiognomist to the Emperor Paul and the Empress Maria, after having made the acquaintance of the Imperial couple in Switzerland. The Grand Duke has ordered these letters to be printed, and sent to Jena as a present on the 15th of August, on which day (as reported by us below) this University celebrated its existence of 300 years. The little book is entitled 'A Contribution to German Literature from Russia: Lavater's Letters to the Empress Maria Feodorowna on the Condition of the Soul after Death.' The presentation copy, destined for the University of Jena, has been printed in a superior style on parchment; other copies are for sale at St. Petersburg.

A statistical document on Russia states that in 1857 1,425 original works and 201 translations were published in the empire. This number is more than thrice as great as it was a few years ago. The number of books imported in 1857 was 1,613,562 volumes, of which 3,547 were forbidden and re-exported.

The autograph letters and manuscripts from the valuable library of the late Dr. Bliss, Principal of St. Mary's Hall and for many years Registrar of the University of Oxford, were sold by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson on Saturday last. The total amount was 6,281*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* Several of the autograph letters produced high prices: as instances of which we need only mention that a short Note from Charles the First to his Queen sold for 14*l.*—a Letter from Sir W. Dugdale to Lord Clarendon, referring to works he was printing, 6*l.*—a Letter from Dr. Gilbert to the Earl of Anglesey, in favour of Ralph Button, canon of Christ Church, accused of being a regicide, 3*l.* 6*s.*—a Note from Lord Inchiquin to Charles the Second, asking a reprieve for "a coynier falsely accused of increasing coyne, which," he adds, "is hardly a fault when there is scarce any to be had," 5*l.*—a Letter from the Duke of Ormonde to Queen Catherine, 4*l.* 10*s.*—and another to the Earl of Anglesey, 4*l.*—six Letters from the Duke of Marlborough, 13*l.* 10*s.*—a Letter of Introduction from Prior the Poet, 2*l.*—a collection of Extracts and Memoranda on

Bibliographical subjects, by Dr. Bliss, 20*l.*—a collection of Twenty Early Charters, commencing with one from King John to Beaulieu Abbey, 50*l.*—a collection of odd portions of ancient MSS., which had served binders as fly-leaves, 8*l.*—The Employment of my Solitude, containing versions of the Psalms and other poems, in the handwriting of the celebrated Sir Thomas Fairfax, 36*l.* 10*s.*—the Shah Nameh of Firdusi, 80*l.*—unpublished Poems of N. Oldisworth, 10*l.*—Psalterium Davidis, written by an English Scribe in the twelfth century, but imperfect, 22*l.*—Psalterium, very imperfect, but curious, as containing the arms of the various noble families of England in the thirteenth century, 30*l.*—Vie de Sainte Marguerite, en vers, 5*l.* 15*s.*—Pedigree of the Wiloughby Family, 8*l.*

When reviewing Mr. Landor's "Dry Sticks" [Athen. No. 1576], we remarked that with the vituperative verses contained therein we would "have nothing to do." We wish he had had nothing to do with either conceiving or writing them. They have helped to bring him, an old man—nearly ninety—before a tribunal of his countrymen, and the jury have stigmatized him as a calumniator and pact-breaker, inflicting on him damages to the amount of 1,000*l.*, which are of little account in comparison with the more lasting damage done to his reputation. The once chivalrous old man, whose mental condition may be seen in his note on Tyrannicide and its recompenses, seems to us, however deplorably he may have acted, to have been but indifferently served by those who stood forward to palliate what they could not defend. If Mr. Landor, "impulsive as ever in his hates,"—as we remarked in the review referred to above—charged a lady with very grave social crimes, and after retracting those charges, with pledge that they should never be renewed, he reproduces them under modified terms and names, he commits an act which can be attributable only to a man whose sense of honour has become blunted by the weakening of the intellect. But ladies are, nevertheless, to be protected from even very old men of darkening minds and "impulsive hates," however brilliant the understanding, and however chivalrous the principle may once have been. What we object to in Mr. Landor's advocate is, that he asked the jury to find a sort of apology for him, in the fact that he was born a long time ago, when manners were coarser and vituperation not held to be so detestable a crime as it now is. But even if this were the case, Mr. Landor had in common with his fellows, that better teaching which has brought, or is said to have brought, with it such great general social improvement. Why should he now be worse than other gentlemen? Mr. Phine stumbles towards the fact when he speaks of Mr. Landor's libels as "the visions of an old man." Mr. Baron Channell, however, in a few words of common sense, put this lamentable affair in its true light as regarded the law and moral of a case the full history of which is not yet before the public. Mr. Landor, he said, "had obtained a deservedly large reputation, and he believed if he had retained those feelings which he possessed in former years they would not have heard of this case; but if he still possessed that amount of intelligence and talent which enabled him to issue such literary productions, he (the Judge) did not know how his old age should induce them to diminish the damages they would give."—Let us add, that all lovers of letters will do well to curb, when in full possession of their faculties, a random spirit of headstrong prejudice and vituperation. This has, ever since he began to write, always distinguished the criticisms (not to call them opinions) of the author of the "Imaginary Conversations." In his manhood it was laughed at, forgiven, or despised. What it may come to in dotage the world has unhappily seen. Let all literary men profit by the discredit, to which it is a painful duty to advert in a literary journal.

NOW ON VIEW, at the FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD, by W. Holman Hunt.—The Proscribed Royalist, by J. E. Millais, A.R.A.—Illustrations of Hood's Poems, by the Junior Etching Club—and J. F. Cropsey's American Scenery.—Admission, 1*s.*

Patron—H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.—The ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION IS OPEN DAILY, from 12 to 5, in the Hall, for Lectures, and its POPULAR LECTURES, EXHIBITIONS, &c. Admission, 1*s.*; Schools and Children under ten years of age, half price.

Dr. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 3, Ticebourne Street, opposite the Haymarket, Open Daily (for Gentlemen only).—Lectures by Dr. Sexton at Four and Eight o'clock, on important and interesting subjects in Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology (vide Programme). Admission, 1*s.*—Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures on the Philosophy of Marriage, &c., sent post free direct from the Author on the receipt of twelve stamps.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Aug. 2.—J. O. Westwood, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—G. Fenning, Esq., was elected a member.—Mr. Knaggs exhibited a box of beautiful Lepidoptera and other orders of insects from Demerara.—Mr. Waring exhibited a fine male specimen of *Spatula bicolora*, a species hitherto unrecorded as British, taken by Mr. Bouchard near Killarney.—Mr. Hunter exhibited *Trochilum chrysidiiforme* and *Spirotela palealis*, from Folkestone.—Dr. Wallis exhibited some Lepidoptera, from the Isle of Wight, taken near Bembridge, including *Microstria*, a species hitherto only met with near Bideford, *Spirodes citacealis*, a new species of *Nola*, and a fine series of *Phibalopteryx gemmaria*.—Mr. Westwood read a communication from Herr Neitner 'On the Discovery of a Strepsipterous Insect in Ceylon, parasitic on a species of Ant,' and exhibited drawings of the insect, for which he proposed the name of *Myrmecolax Neitneri*.—Mr. Walker read a paper 'On Undescribed Neuroptera, in the collection of W. Wilson Saunders, Esq.'

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

THURS. Zoological, 2.—General.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.—The National Association for the Promotion of Social Science will hold its second annual meeting at Liverpool, on Monday, Oct. 11, and five following days. The Departments are thus distributed:—1. Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law—President, the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. In this Department is discussed the science of Civil Jurisprudence; its bearing on the social condition of the people; the advantages derivable from a wide diffusion of its principles; the practical defects in our laws; the evils arising from such defects; and the fitting remedies.—2. Education—President, the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, M.P. This Department deals with questions relating to Education, both industrial and intellectual, whether of the upper, middle, or lower classes of society.—3. Punishment and Reformation—President, the Earl of Carlisle, K.G. In this Department are discussed the various questions relating to the Prevention and Repression of Crime, the reformation of the criminal, &c.—4. Public Health—President, the Earl of Shaftesbury. This Department considers the various questions relating to the Public Health and the Prevention of Disease; it will collect statistical evidence of the relative healthiness of different localities, of different industrial occupations, and generally of the influence of exterior circumstances in the production of health or disease, &c.—5. Social Economy—President, Sir James Stephen, K.C.B. In this Department are considered the various questions relating to Social Economics; the conditions of Industrial Success, whether of nations or individuals; Savings Banks and Insurance; the relation between employers and employed, &c. Papers must be sent to the General Secretary, 3, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, S.W., on or before the 25th of September next.

The adoption by Mr. Chappuis of the principle of the daylight reflector to the stereoscope was noticed by us in the *Athenæum* for November 7, 1857. We there made some suggestions for further improvements, with a recommendation to Mr. Chappuis to "try them." That gentleman has not done so; but Messrs. Smith & Beck have not only carried out, they have gone beyond our suggestions, and from a toy the stereoscope has progressed to an object belonging to science. A few words will enable our readers to understand the improvements that have been made in this justly popular instru-

ment. 1st. By the introduction of achromatic lenses the optical part is greatly improved, thereby increasing the definition and correcting the colour which single lenses invariably show on the margin of the objects. These errors in the unachromatic stereoscope frequently destroy the delicacy of the image altogether. — 2nd. By the application of lenses of such a focal length, and placed at such a distance apart as that all shall see without fatigue, which is not the case with those hitherto contrived. But with these improvements in the optical part of the instrument arose the need of greater delicacy in the mechanical contrivances for observing to the best advantage; this led—3rd. To an arrangement whereby any one having the sight of both eyes could see the effect.—4th. A thoroughly steady and substantial stand is adapted for a person seated at a table, and allowing of any alteration of position.—5th. A method for holding the slides so that they can be placed and replaced easily and without danger.—6th. Means have been adopted for varying the illumination at pleasure, causing a great variety of very beautiful effects of light and shade, from the cool tints of moonlight to the ruddy glow of the morning sun. And, lastly, a compact case to keep the whole from dust, injury, or exposure. The result is a perfection beyond which it is hardly possible to carry the stereoscope. This perfection is admirably exhibited in the stereoscopic views of the Moon, taken on glass by Mr. Howlett, from the negatives obtained by Mr. Warren De la Rue with his equatorial reflecting telescope of 13 inches aperture and 10 feet focal length. The stereoscopic effect is obtained by combining two views of the moon, taken at different epochs nearly in the same phase, but when the disc is in two different conditions of libration.

FINE ARTS

The Medieval Architecture of Chester. By J. H. Parker. With an Historical Introduction by the Rev. Francis Grosvenor, and Illustrated by Engravings, by J. H. Le Keux and O. Jewitt, &c. (Chester, Roberts; London, J. H. & J. Parker.)

THE old Roman city of Chester once seen is not easily forgotten. Its vaulted rows, its ramparts haunted by the headless ghost of Charles the First, its towers, from whence you realize the old Norman border-city, by seeing far away beyond Caernarvon, with its Edward the First associations, the blue Welsh mountains, its crumbling red Abbey—ponderously old,—its gable-ended houses, its fair silver belt of a river, its Roodeye race meadows, remain in the memory, and take root there and bear fruit.

It is a pleasant way of reading and realizing history to face the dim old Rows. We feel that beneath us in different statuary, bronze celti, Druid beads, Heptarchy coins, mosaic pavements, and Norman spear-heads, lie the several cities of the obdurate Briton, keeping his last foothold against the Saxon,—Agricola's station for the 20th legion, Henry the Eighth's bishopric, Edward the First's fortress, Charles the First's stronghold. We remember it was one of the last places the legionaries quitted, and one of the last the Briton yielded to the Saxon when he reluctantly turned his face towards Snowdon. It is a fine city on a wet day and a dull on a fine one. The sun never has just its own way in Chester. It is pleasant to ramble on the old walls, or to pass through the old gates, and think of how long ago these tight-fisted Romans raised this camp-like city on a rocky slope above the curving Deva, girdling it with two miles of walls, and warding it with long-armed sinewy catapults and whizzing balistes against the arrows and javelins of the hot-headed Cymri. There was always some great medieval pageant processionizing for the benefit of the border-city, —now Archbishop Baldwin preaching a crusade, —now Henry the Third collecting his nobles to put down Llewellyn, —now Edward the First marching out to conquer Wales, —now Margaret of Anjou cheering her Lancastrians, —now Charles the First retreating from Bonton Heath. The din of some revel or fray was always filling

Chester streets all through the Middle Ages,—now it was the twenty-five guilds playing the mystery of Adam and Eve in the Cathedral,—now Ralph Dutton, the gay young squire, marching out with all his minstrels and gleemen, gathered from St. Werburgh's Fair to save Roger De Lacy, constable of Chester, from the restless Welsh.

Of Chester's early times Mr. Parker says:—

"Historically—as the principal border-town and fortress between England and Wales—Chester occupies a conspicuous place in the long struggle for the subjugation of Wales throughout the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; architecturally, it has several peculiar features. Portions of the walls are Roman, and other remains of that period have been found from time to time. After the fall of the Roman power there is, as usual, a long interval, during which there are no remains, until we come to the eleventh century. During that interval it is probable that the buildings were entirely of wood, and a great part of the fortifications earthen embankments with wooden palisades, which were not replaced by stone walls until late in the thirteenth century, as appears from the royal mandate of Henry the Third; for although this applies to the bailey or court of the castle only, it is not probable that this would remain of wood after the walls of the town were of stone. The plan and the character of the present fortifications are Edwardian. From the time of the Norman Conquest to the Reformation we have a series of examples of Church architecture, the work being continually carried on, with short intervals only. St. John's, though without the walls, was originally designed in the time of William the First; for the Cathedral and the seat of the bishop was not finally removed to St. Werburgh's until the time of Henry the Eighth. During the whole of these five centuries each church was carried on, and neither was ever completed. St. John's was the earliest, and perhaps the finest; but while its glorious nave is all that remains in any degree perfect, the corresponding part of the Cathedral is of much later date, and the choir—of the thirteenth century—is here the only perfect part of the early work. The circumstance of having two cathedrals in the same city is unique in England, and almost so in Europe."

The ground-plan of Chester is strictly that of a Roman camp, a parallelogram with four gates, the four streets crossing in the centre. The walls are, at the base, moulder Roman, the towers Edwardian, being paved and repaired in 1307, chiefly on the inside. In 1322 the Water Tower was built,—two large iron rings at its foot being used to moor vessels before the harbour grew clogged with sand dropped from Time's hour-glass. The fair tournament-meadow, broad and green below the walls, is the Roodeye, formerly covered by the Dee at high tide, with the exception of a Rood cross on an island, supposed to have been miraculously floated there. The Dee Bridge was built by Edward the First to replace a mere wooden one, carried away by an inundation. Of the Rows the author says:—

"They consist of a passage, or bazaar, along the front of the first floor of the houses, with only a balustrade in front, the back part of the rooms being the shops. The most probable origin of these rows is, that after some great fire, it was found more convenient to make the footway on the top of the cellars, or vaulted substructures, instead of in the narrow streets between them. It was the usual custom in towns in the middle ages to protect the lower story, or cellar, which was half underground, by a vault of stone or brick. This was the store-room, in which the merchandise or other valuable property was preserved. The upper parts of the houses were entirely of wood, and the whole of these being destroyed by fire, it was more easy to make the footway on the top of the vaults, leaving the roadway clear for horses and carts. Many of these vaulted chambers of the mediæval period remain in Chester, more or less perfect; some divided by modern walls, and used as cellars, others perfect, and used as lower shops or warehouses."

Some antiquarians, shaking their dusty heads at this, think they were built to fend the hooded citizens of 1300 and of Chaucer from the perpetual silent, stinging rain of Welsh arrows and the bruising stones of Llewellyn's slings, when the harpers twanged the march of the men of Haarlech and Codiad yr Hedyd, with barrel-organ persistency, outside the gates, and would not go away. It is possible they might have arisen from a wish to enlarge the town by building the street over the cellars and putting the houses further back. Of the houses we hear:—

"The wooden houses built upon these vaults are chiefly of the seventeenth century. Several have rich ornate panelling, carved beams, grotesque brackets, and overbeams. In the usual style of the time of James the First. The oldest of these wooden houses is believed to be the one called The Old Palace, or Stanley House; this bears the date of 1691: it was the palace or residence of the Stanley of Alderley. Several of these wooden houses have been recently restored. They have generally a very picturesque and striking effect. One of the finest is that called Bishop Lloyd's House, which bears the date of 1615, and the arms of the family of that prelate are carved in the panelling. It is ornamented with sculptures of Scripture subjects."

The houses are crumbling, Prout sort of houses, gnarled, wrinkled, honeycombed, and, like old Stilton, "in a fine state of decay."

The Castle has Roman vaulting and Norman walls—a Julian tower, a twelfth-century gatehouse, a transition Norman chapel, and the ruins of a drawbridge that crossed the river by a forgotten wooden bridge. Of the churches, St. Bridget's, St. Martin's, St. Paul's and Little St. John's are either modern or uninteresting.—St. Mary-on-the-Hill is a restored perpendicular building.—St. Olive's is old and featureless.—Christ Church and Trinity are modernized.—St. Nicholas Chapel is now a music-hall.—St. Peter's is late Henry the Seventh work, and St. Michael's Church is a fourteenth-century church on a Norman foundation.

St. John's Church has a history of its own, not uninteresting. It was founded in honour of the Baptist in 689, by Ethelred King of Mercia, eighty-seven years after it ceased by Ethelfred's conquest to be a purely British fortress. Giraldus Cambrensis, when he came to Chester, heard this and made a note of it for his Itinerary, admiring the church in the suburbs and respecting the good work of King Ethelred and brave Bishop Wulfric. There is, however, one of those pleasant little antiquarian doubts that leave so much to the imagination about it,—and it is almost certain that an Earl Ethelred, 200 years after, either founded or rebuilt it. It is certain that in 960 King Edgar compelled a crew of black-browed, sullen, gold-bracelet-wearing Scotch and Welch princes, namely, Kinedred King of the Scots, Malcolm of the Cambrians, Maccesus a prince of pirates, and five Welsh kings, Duful, Griffith, Howel, Jacob, and Indethul, to sullenly row his royal barge from his palace to this monastery of St. John the Baptist. It was probably one of those boardered barn sort of buildings whose decay Dunstan afterwards lamented over in King Edgar's charter. It was a hospital, free school, museum, library, club, sanctuary, and music-hall in one, as most lay monasteries were. In the ninth century St. John's shared the general devastation from the Danes, that, as Simon of Durham says, almost extinguished Christianity, so that few churches, and "those only built with hurdles and straw" were rebuilt. Nine years before the Conquest Leofric Earl of Mercia, at the instance of his famed wife Godiva, repaired and enriched the monastery.

The Conquest revived religion but extinguished the Saxon Church. The Gregorian service was often superseded, Saxon bishops were deposed, the ritual was altered, church lands were plundered and burdened with military service. But cruel, haughty and greedy as the Normans were, they were liberal in splendid church building and endowing. They robbed freely, but they gave freely. They stole from man to give to God. Of the first Norman bishop we have an interesting account:—

"The first Norman bishop was Peter, who succeeded to the see of Lichfield shortly after the Conquest. At that time the county of Chester formed a portion of the diocese of Lichfield. . . . He seems to have been a prelate of the class William of Malmesbury has mentioned as being given to 'magnificent actions.' His name is of no great note in general history, except as being connected with the scenes of his immediate labours; but if all mention of him had been obliterated in the annals of the times, a lasting monument of his liberality, grandness of conception in architectural design, and attachment to the city of Chester, would still remain in the collegiate church of St. John the Baptist. Attracted, perhaps, by the beauty of the situation, he removed the see of the diocese from Lichfield to Chester, and selected the position occupied by the monastery of St. John as the site of his new cathedral. Towards the latter end of the eleventh century (A.D. 1075), he commenced the work; and the present remains of the structure which he built, or perhaps rather designed to build, attest the greatness of his plans, and the spirit with which he entered upon his task. . . . The emoluments of the see existing in Chester and Cheshire are vaguely mentioned by the Domesday Book. In the county, the Bishop of Chester held what belonged to his bishopric, the remainder of the county was conferred by the Conqueror on Hugh, earl of Chester, and his military followers. Besides this, he possessed, according to the same authority, the 'customs of the episcopal jurisdiction,' the particulars of which are rather curious. As, for instance, for the violation of the Sabbath by a freeman, the bishop claimed a fine of no less than eight shillings; and in the case of a slave or maid-servant, half that sum. Again, if a merchant brought his wares into the city and occupied them for sale between nine o'clock on Sunday and the following morning, without permission of the bishop's officer, he forfeited to the bishop the sum of four shillings. Or if any of the episcopal officers detected any person trespassing (in ploughing, &c.) beyond

the bank of the city, the offender was amerced in the sum of four shillings, or two oxen. And still further, at the time of the Domesday survey, he claimed two parts of a hide of land on the red-cliff, or ridge of red sandstone, which lies between the south side of the church and the river, where the old hermitage now stands; though it appears to have been previously the property of the monastery of St. John. From this it seems that the grievance complained of by the religious at the time of the Conquest was not without foundation, and that most probably the canons or monks of St. John shared the fate of the rest; as a part of their possessions was alienated from them, and conferred by William on Bishop Peter. But he made a generous use of the royal bounty, devoting a part of it to the erection of his new cathedral, and towards the constitution and endowment of a college of secular canons.** William the Conqueror was a visitor to the city of Chester in the year 1069, and might have been prevailed upon to relax something of his severe enactments in favour of the suffering clergy. At all events, their possessions were not very extensive at the time of the Domesday survey.

The next bishop transferred the see to Coventry, and St. John's drooped never to rise again. So went on century after century,—quietly—quietly. Priests chanted, mused and died. At last fell the hammer—the Dissolution came:—

“An act was passed A.D. 1535 for the dissolution of religious houses, and in accordance with it no less than 380 were dissolved. Of the lesser houses, 31 had the king's licence to continue some time longer—amongst which was the nunnery of St. Mary's in Chester. The college of St. John's escaped this and the subsequent visitation (A.D. 1540), probably because it was at that time too poor to attract the notice of the king and his advisers. In the first year of the reign of his successor, a commission was issued for the survey of all the religious houses in Cheshire, from whose answer it appears that the population of the parish amounted to 1,200 ‘houslyng’ people,—that the college consisted of one dean, seven canons, and four vicars, besides servants; and that the yearly value of their possessions, deducting ‘reparis’, was 119. 17s. The plate was estimated at 232 oz. in ‘gilt’ 173 oz.; and in white, 59 oz.;—the ‘goods and ornaments’ amounting in all to the value of 11. 19s. 9d. The lead upon the roof was estimated at forty fothers: of this they recommended that all, except the covering of the nave, should be stripped off for the king's use; and of the five bells in the tower, four should be taken, and one left! Out of the annual rents of the college, a sum of 20s. was yearly to be allowed for the service of the church; the rest, with the articles above mentioned, was taken for the king.”

Part of the land went to Sir Christopher Hatton, and passed through him to the Westminster family, and part was given by Edward the Sixth to endow the Macclesfield Grammar School.

The history of St. Werburgh, now the mouldy red cathedral, is brief. It was originally dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul by the Romanized Britons, and, after the arrival of St. Augustine, was by the Saxons re-consecrated to the memory of the national Saints, Werburgh and Oswald. In 1098, Earl Hugh granted a licence for a fair in honour of St. Werburgh. This was the great fair for the harpers whom Roger Dutton afterwards led over the Border and back again, with such *éclat*. The same strong-armed Earl Hugh, governor of the dangerous province for the Conqueror, who trusted to his broad breast to dam back the inundations of Welsh spearmen, refounded the Abbey in 1093 for the then fashionable Benedictine order from Bec in Normandy. This same burly Earl, nephew of the Bastard, gave the monks all the land between the Abbey and the north gate of the city; and eventually, nine years after the foundation, left earth for his heavenly mansion in a hot day of July, and was buried in the Chapter House, where no babbling could wake him. At the end of the twelfth century, in the time of Geoffrey, the seventh abbot, the inroads of the Welsh had reduced the monks to ruin—the choir was roofless. The Bishops of Winchester and Coventry sent out pastoral letters for funds; and in the twelfth year of King John and the twenty-eighth of Earl Randle's reign, the choir and tower steeple were finished. About 1240 the order was so prosperous, from the Earl's grant of manors, that the monks were increased from twenty-eight to forty, and a master cook was appointed:—

“In the time of the twelfth abbot, Thomas Capenhurst, the monastery was engaged in a continual struggle with the nobles of the neighbourhood, sometimes in the form of law-suits, at others by armed forces; and in 1263 the abbey was taken possession of by William la Zuché, justiciary, who occupied the abbey with an armed force, and proceeded to extremities of insult, according to the monkish historian, Simon of Whitchurch, the thirteenth abbot, was the most active head this monastery ever had, and in his time the law-suits were brought to a successful termination in favour of the abbey. This took place finally in the King's Court at Westminster, in 1281. By means of the funds thus obtained, the rebuilding was carried on vigor-

ously, and in the twelfth year of Edward the First, 1284, we have precepts directed to Reginald de Gray to allow venison from the neighbouring forests of Delamere and Wirral, for the support of the monks thus occupied ‘in the great work of rebuilding the church.’”

St. Werburgh, like other monasteries, was a stone world complete in itself, ignoring all outside it but God's sky, its roof and shelter. There was its choir for prayer and praise, where the incense fumed and the yellow lights burned on the altar,—there was the lady chapel beyond, where you listened and heard the white-robed boys singing as if they were angels,—the side aisles, where the Crusaders slept,—the vestry, where the abbot put on his alb and cope,—the Magdalen chapel, where the chanting priests knelt all day muttering,—and St. Nicholas chapel, where the carver chipped, laughing, at the friar's rial face on the corbel,—the steeple, where the swallows circled,—the turret, where the great bells rocked in an unhurrying way. There were the chapter-house, where the conclave sat,—the bakehouse and the cellars,—the lodge and the kitchens,—the larder and the pantry,—the brewhouse and kiln,—the courtyard and cloisters,—the garden and the dormitory. There were all sorts of nooks about the roofs and cornices and vaultings, that eyes long since faded have looked on with love, longing, and hope,—fluted mouldings and toothings that the moss chokes greenly, and niches long since widowed of their statues,—great windows radiant with the unfading flowers of Paradise, which to poor drudges must have seemed as the portals of Eden, showing through their jewelled pannels the transfigured saints and martyrs treading the sea of pearl, or radiant with the blood of the Lamb. It may be well for us to scoff at the old devotion that drove the builder of these monasteries into voluntary imprisonment, to toil at their little gardens between the buttresses, to scoop out steeple stairs with their ever-ascending feet, to dry their brains in dim libraries, to imagine that they pleased God by doing some duties at the neglect of others;—but let us own that a vital faith repeats its responses (which are echoes) still as we paced the cloister, on whose every tombstone seemed engraved that craving, sorrowful cry, “Rest, rest.”

Architectural Publication Society. *The Dictionary of Architecture.* Part VIII. (Richards.)

THIS number of the rather tardy *Dictionary*—better late than never—takes us from Chamber to Czernowitz, a good stride through the scientific land. The work is well illustrated, as such books need to be, and every article is well fortified and buttressed by verifying quotations from the works of Felibien, Grasselli, Nagler, Tiraboschi, and indeed every writer who has dealt with the subject either in France, Germany, Italy, or England. The short article “Contractor” will show the sensible, condensed form in which the subjects are dealt with:—

“CONTRACTOR. The term popularly given to the tradesman or other person who is to be paid for the work which he performs, or the property which he delivers under a contract. The word, although perhaps older in its reference to mercantile and monetary matters, does not appear to have been very frequently applied to monopolists, in building matters, before the present century. Indeed, Harris, ‘Hist. of Dublin,’ Svo., Lond., 1766, p. 475, styles the architect-engineer Semple ‘overseer’ and the builder or mason Mack ‘undertaker’; and Mulvany, ‘Life,’ Svo., Dublin, 1846, p. 70, shows that in 1784 Gandon was supposed to be a ‘contractor,’ and as they termed him ‘a projector or undertaker’; and that the gentry of Bandon in 1795 called a contracting builder an ‘architect.’ The Reports of the Commissioners of Military Inquiry, 1806, at first style the builder ‘proposer,’ and afterwards ‘contractor’: Rep. iii, 139–141; Rep. iv, 427–434. But except in some works for the English Government, the system was not then that which now prevails. In the seventeenth century the existence of ‘resident surveyors’ mentioned *s. v.* ‘architect,’ as at Wollaton and Holkham, rendered the condition of master-builder precarious, if it even were possible, as a monopolist; but in the eighteenth century there was a change of practice on the part of the clients, who either preferred to have the works measured and valued (sometimes on a schedule of prices), or else employed an architect, who, as in the case of Jupp at the East India House in 1796, made his design and submitted an estimate upon which he obtained advances of money, making with the tradesmen his contracts, which, with the receipts, he produced at the termination of the work to his client; and it was customary for the latter to make a present, beyond the commission, if the works were executed within the estimate; thus 1,000. is said to have been given in the case of this building and of the gaol at Nottingham. The Irish architects, so late as 1803, practised in this

manner, as Gandon appears to have done in the courts at the Custom House of Dublin. (Mulvany, p. 182.) Of course this system created a class of architects, who, frequently advancing money for their patients, provided an abstact of the account, received a gross amount when this bill was sent in, and distributing it amongst the tradesmen, derived a discount or per centage from them; and the architect was more or less openly a builder, as he could make contracts with his client for a higher sum than those delivered to himself; the quarrels and extra charges of tradesmen following each other were avoided, and it must have been often found convenient that there should be only one creditor: Sir W. Chambers was a contractor in the erection of Parkstead at Roachampton 1767, and his contracts for Pepper Harrow 1775–6 still exist: a combination of positions now considered to be derogatory to the interests of the architect and his employer. As the building trade was rapidly falling into few hands, capitalists and others embarked in it, especially about 1815, and then the system of competition contracts with all its stratagems came into full force, especially after the panic of 1825, when many speculative builders found it best to work for others besides themselves. The epoch of the ‘division of labour’ has seen all the trades connected, however remotely, with a building combined in single hands, and has commenced a system of under contracts called sub-letting, which cannot be sufficiently deplored on account of its attendant evils.”

The illustrations are very varied: now a courtyard at Algiers, white in the excessive sunlight—now the sharp ledged angle of a Piacenza palace—now an arabesque from St. Peter in chains—presently an arched portico from Bologna.

John Cassell's Art-Treasures Exhibition. (Kent & Co.)

THIS very cheap and very badly got-up work may nevertheless do considerable service among those for whose pockets the publication was intended, by rousing their attention to the wonderful variety and extent of objects brought within the range of Art. The woodcuts, notwithstanding the boast of exclusive advantages in the Preface, are, for the most part, derived from those originally executed for M. Blanc's excellent ‘Lives and Works of the Painters of all Schools,’ and still in course of publication at Paris. The same cuts also, very carefully printed, served for an English translation of M. Blanc's work, edited at one period by Mr. Digby Wyatt. We have, however, no desire to censure a work which, if confined to the sphere for which it is adapted and from which many an artist may cull a suggestive engraving, is sufficient as a reminder or index to something better illustrative of the theme. The title of ‘Art-Treasures Exhibition’ has little to do with Manchester; and, beyond a rude kind of Preface, with an inaccurate view of the Exhibition building, is little more than a vehicle for the introduction of pictorial illustration from various sources. In penny numbers and sixpenny parts, as the work was sold during publication, it became accessible to the poorest cottager, and for this reason we are induced to notice a work that on other grounds would scarcely deserve recognition.

FINE-ART Gossip.—We have received six numbers of the illustrated *Photographic Art-Journal*, and although the letter-press (apart from useful technical chapters) does not seem much better than that of the *Belle Assemblée*, or those tawdry periodicals that lie on hairdressers' show-tables, they still set us thinking as to the possibility of photographic illustrations applied to journalism. There may come a time when such illustrations improved, that is to say, not too black or too white, spotty or freckled, may lead the public to a finer sense of the subtleties and refinements of Art,—so that every new statue or picture will be at once transmitted to the provinces, where even those who will not see the original will be taught by its faults as well as its excellencies. What we want now is the appearance of a critical, resisting, and selecting taste in the public. Here, for instance, is Mr. Dogherty's ‘Gondoline,’ from Kirke White's poem. To possess this photograph is to possess a fine reminiscence of a beautiful statue. The provincial tyro, say a stone-mason in Somersethshire, smitten with a love of sculpture and wanting ideals to rouse and lead him, might be led to fame by such a transcript as this:—it goes so much further than cheap engraving can do, even if engraving were a quick process, and dealt with everything we wished. How perfect is the soft shadow on that marble bosom, the light on the little rounded chin,—how graceful the poise and listening stoop of the body,

—how fine the outline of the limbs through the woven air of the drapery! But after some pale and rather uncertain illustrations, we come to Mr. Pratt's photograph of a fruit-piece by Mr. Lance, really bossy with colour and specially good. The white currants shine like little glass bubbles,—in the dark grapes we see the flush of bloom and the fibre of the inner flesh through the Tyrian tunicle,—the brown ribbedness of the stalk,—the golden dotted freckles of the great curl of lemon-peel,—the amber pearliness of the "sweetwaters,"—the strong dark mottlings of the broad Velasquez vine-leaves,—the thready wheel of nettings in the Hesperian fruit, new cut. How interesting to novel-readers and retired country families, just rising tearful and delighted from 'Mariam Withers,' to come suddenly upon Miss Jewsbury's thoughtful face,—or, enraptured with some dramatic criticism of Medea in the *Times*, to meet with Ristori just as she would stand as a friend before them. What a delight to the young poet of some village to see actually before him the real spot where Gray wrote his Elegy—Stoke Pogis, that pretty little place with the name they will drag into Cockney farces. Here it is, sharp cut spire, ivy-stifled windows, tiled roof, and all. Long too before the tedious formality of engraving can be gone through, we see in these pages, thanks to photography, that popular, quick-brained, quick-handed man, the *Times* Correspondent, with his broad, full forehead, and smiling eyes, and Pasha beard. 'The Proposal,' by Mr. T. Bolton, is a pleasant instance of the ingenuities of photography, and the rapidity with which it can do anything you put it to. No artist should paint a picture now till he has tried his groups, costumes, and perspective in various sides and lights. 'The Proposal' represents a Valencian muleteer making love to a Spanish girl. They are seated under a garden wall, where the ivy troops down. The guitar is behind them. Now although not a full success, this is an ingenious effort to show the artistic value of the sun-machine.

An Italian Correspondent of the *Morning Post* mentions the late discovery of an interesting series of *frescoes* by artists of the Ferrarese school, which has been made in the church of Aguscello, a village not far from Ferrara.

"What betwixt housekeepers, family traditions, and catalogue-makers," writes a friend, "a modern portrait even may get an incurably wrong name are the world is aware.—It might have been thought, for instance, that one of the Knowle pictures, by Sir Joshua Reynolds—one, moreover, exhibited not many years ago at the British Institution—would be safe from misnomer; but my attention was called the other day to a double blunder in Mr. Cotton's lately published Catalogue [*Athen.* No. 1587], which may be as well corrected. There is a lovely lady, in a white cap with a pink top-knot, black cloak tied with blue ribbons, and hands in her white muff, in the Knowle collection, who figures in Mr. Cotton's list as Mdlle. Baccelli, as 'Schindlerin.' Now, the last is not the name of a theatrical character, as might be supposed,—neither is the portrait one of Mdlle. Baccelli at all. She was a dancer, domiciled at Knowle for some time.—The portrait is of Madame, or Mdlle., Schindlerin, who was an opera-singer—who sang in London about the year 1774, together with Signor Rauzzini, her master, and is described by Burney as follows:—'She was engaged at his recommendation, was a native of Germany, young, and by many thought handsome. Her figure was elegant and graceful on the stage, and she was a good actress. Off the stage, however, she was coquettish, silly, and insipid. Her voice was a mere thread, for the weakness of which there was neither taste nor knowledge to compensate.' Is it not singular that a stranger should be able to make a reference, at once so easy of access, yet so unknown to the possessors of so fascinating a picture?"

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL'S "Comic, Musical, and Painted Opera Entertainment, 'THE TICHTWORK,'" at the EGYPTIAN HALL, EVERY EVENING, at Mr. Albert Smith's absence abroad. Saturday Mornings at Three.—Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No extra for booking places. The Salle is newly decorated.

NEW PUBLICATIONS. ENGLISH INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Not very long ago [*Athen.* No. 1557] we spoke of a Symphony by Mr. Street (numbered as his first *opus*) with encouragement.—Here, as his Op. 6, the same gentleman presents us with a *First Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello*, dedicated to his master, Herr Molique,—and, as Op. 8, with the score of an overture to Shakspeare's 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' (Leipsic, Breitkopf & Härtel; London, Ewer & Co.). This couple of serious works might have fallen from the clouds in reply to our remarks of last week. Both have a certain interest, and furnish matter for comment,—though neither seems to us to show much advance on Mr. Street's Symphony. The *Trio* is carefully made, as a work dedicated to Herr Molique by one of his pupils should be; but it is a school-work,—and more, one not belonging to the best school of composition. Naturally enough, the peculiarity, not to say defect, of the writer's master appears in an exaggerated form. This is too great a disregard of character and interest in the themes on which the movements are built. Why is it that the cultivation of melody, as an essential branch of musical education, is so universally lost sight of? Mr. Street's are not musical thoughts, so much as groups of notes, dressed up even as any group of notes can be by those who have studied counterpoint and modulation. Out of the letters of his name, B. A. C. H., the great Sebastian made a regular fugue,—out of the random feet of a cat crossing the keys of a harpsichord, Scarlatti constructed another; but these things do not get beyond ingenious exercises,—curious to read as specimens of mastery, not engaging to hear. Think, on the other hand, of the arresting distinctness, beauty, and variety of the subjects of Beethoven's compositions,—of Haydn's clearness, cheerfulness, and symmetry,—of Mozart's exquisite sweetness! That a vein of melody not originally rich or facile may be improved by practice we shall find proof, if we compare Mendelssohn's later with his earlier vocal works. We know, on his own testimony, that as time advanced, he became more alive to charm and feature, more willing to be pleased with a tune, than in the days of what he himself called his "bitter" and "rebellious" music.—We are laying down a principle which has been again and again advocated here; but the general disregard of it, yet more than its importance, is our reason for reiterating it;—and we do so further, in this especial case, because we find such disregard generic in pupils who have studied in a particular fashion. That Mr. Street can write is clear. Let him keep a tune-book. That he has in him the stuff which could be improved may be seen in the phrase opening the *allegro* to his Overture.—With regard to this work, however, we must ask, did the play really suggest the prelude; or is the name a fantastic one affixed after the overture was written? We fail to trace the thread which ties a composition by no means wanting in cleverness to one of Shakspeare's least characteristic plays, the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.' We do not understand the pertinence of the slow *Intermezzo* with violin *obbligato*, which breaks the flow of the composition. Of the skill with which it is wrought up the eye can judge;—not of its sound.—Would it not be gracious in our English *Amateur Society* (our professional bodies of concert-givers being in a state worse than hopeless) to afford us the power of testing the colour of an English musical amateur, whose labour is obviously so honourably given, and has been so diligently prepared for, as Mr. Street's?

MUSICAL MANUSCRIPTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Dr. Arne's 'Judith.'—We are indebted to a contemporary for a list of old Oratorios on this Apocryphal story, which seems—as was mentioned in the *Athenæum* not long since—to be tempting modern composers simultaneously to an unusual degree.—Matthewson, we perceive, speaks of a 'Judith' written by Handel during his Hamburg period.—There is a 'Giuditta,' too, by Marcelllo.—Then there was a luckless oratorio performed in London early in 1740 (the year of the

"Frost Fair" on the Thames), by Defesch, an Amsterdam organist, who had relinquished Holland for England. The one *memento* of its performance, beyond the tradition of its utter failure, is Hogarth's well-known print of an oratorio chorus singing these words:—

The world shall bow to the Assyrian throne.
There was another 'Judith,'—we learn from the same authority,—written by Handel Smith, but which was never produced. That Oratorio to which we are now coming, by Dr. Arne, is the only work on the story, in England, which may be said as yet to have kept its ground. It was performed at the Lock Chapel in 1764,—at the Gloucester music-meeting in 1766,—and (this seems an odd choice) at the Stratford Jubilee in 1769.—The manuscript score of it is in the British Museum: some slight account of which may be interesting.

The manuscript—belonging to Dr. Kitchiner's Library—in which there is Bartleman's signature, also a warrant for the great beauty of the work copied from Dibdin's Life,—is in three parts.—The first two are complete (including an interpolation said to be in Dr. Arnold's handwriting). The third part can hardly have been looked at ere it was bound,—since we find in the MS. such irrelevant matter as Dr. Arne's well-known 'Hymn of Eve,'—while the final chorus in score, on a paper of totally different form, has therefore (in true Procrustean fashion) been bound in sideways. The names of the singers,—the principal ones of which are those of Mrs. Bartleman, Mrs. Baddeley, Miss Brent, Signor Tenducci, Mr. Champneys,—are prefixed to the songs, but so mixed up with the names of other more obscure persons (one "Vernon" among the number) and interchanged as to destroy all unity of character, and to suggest that they may refer to distinct performances of the music. The book is by Isaac Bickerstaff, written in verse—one shade better, perhaps, than Dr. Morell's books, but without the slightest Biblical colour. That was hardly the fashion of the times. The catastrophe of the sacrifice of *Holofernes* seems (we use this caution in reference to the dislocation of the manuscript of Part III.) to have been evaded,—since it is dimly commented on by a chorus, which is nevertheless one of the severest, most elaborate numbers of the work.

A perusal of the score will raise the reputation of Dr. Arne with those who principally know him as England's best Shakspearian melodist, or as the writer of the showy, yet superficial 'Artaxerxes.' Such persons will hardly (any more than ourselves) have been prepared for the amount of constructive science and variety of device which 'Judith' reveals. The first movement of the overture (a *con spirito* in $\text{G} \frac{3}{4}$) is well developed: fully scored, and not *rococo*—the period and the place considered. The Oratorio includes some good, if not great, choruses: an opening one of supplication in *A minor*,—a *pastorale* chorus in *G major*, "When Israel wept," where the same tone seems to have been tried as that which was so incomparably used by Handel in his chorus from 'Israel,' "But as for his people."

The *fugue* in triple *tempo* *D major*, which closes Dr. Arne's first act, owes something to Handel's "Fixed in his everlasting seat."—But those, we think, are almost the only traces of influence, imitation, or coincidence from, or with—the Giant which 'Judith' contains.—What may be called the profane third of Dr. Arne's Oratorio—its music devoted to the camp of *Holofernes*—is, to us, its most feeble portion—being treated in a frivolous style, *semi-Arcadian*, *semi-operatic*. In a case like this, we find the greatness of Handel by a simple comparison.—How much lower in tone and weaker in situation than the scene referred to is the greater portion of 'Solomon,'—yet who can undervalue the loveliness without frivolity of his 'Nightingale Chorus'—the loftiness without pedantry of his court music with which "Sheba's queen" is regaled?—It is curious to find a composer strongest in his secular music—as was Dr. Arne—weakest in the most secular portion of this work, and capable of producing a *Holofernes* little stronger than a *Comus*.—On the other hand, the chorus indicative of doom (to which we have adverted) rises to the height of the words and their import; and is a fine, grave, well-developed movement, such as

we had hardly credited Dr. Arne with power to work out.—Meritorious care, too (the state of Art in England a century since considered), seems to have been bestowed by him on the instrumentation. The stringed quartett is written with due solidity, especially in respect to its *viola*, to which more than ordinary interest is given.—The songs, too, are scored with an ingenious regard to figure and variety; and without that leanness which wearies in the Italian writers, the Hasses, the Galuppis, Ciampis, Lampugnani, towards whom as a school the Doctor obviously inclined. Of the songs themselves a less decided judgment can be given: inasmuch as these are matters never to be disposed of by the eye: but to be enjoyed by the ear, and answered by the heart—music dependent not on the composer only, but also largely on his interpreter. The airs allotted to *Judith* contain such antiquated passages expressive of courage and heroism as were found effective in the mouth of *Mandane*.—*Abra*, her maid, has a *bravura* with harps nicely disposed, and with triplet diversions, such as we have long tired of in 'The Soldier Tired.' There is nothing very salient for either tenor or bass.—A "Sleep Song" (by the way, how generally do composers succeed in their "Sleep Songs") allotted to "Master Brown" promises well: and might prove worth disintering.

Such—not to be tedious—are a few notes on this very interesting manuscript, which, were we English in a more enterprising humour,—whether as concerns things old or new—might, we conceive, be safely recommended to the notice of English conductors as a work—to be given, if not as a whole, in part—honourable, to an English composer of the eighteenth century.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre was opened on Monday for the purpose of enabling Mr. James Anderson to commence a series of performances, during six nights, previous to his departure for Australia and other antipodean places. This spirit of enterprise is greatly due to the condition of the drama in this country. Theatres were never (as Mr. Buckstone recently testified) more prosperous than at present; but it suits the management to depend on light new pieces and spectacular revivals:—accordingly, histrionic genius, with the exception of an east-end theatre or two, has no field for its exercise in London. Our greatest actresses and best actors are compelled therefore to look further for opportunities of exertion; and thus we suspect it must be until we possess one model theatre subsidized by the State, at which the highest talent, whether of author or actor, may be permitted to culminate. In a country like this, however, where all matters relating to Art are regularly jobbed when undertaken under high auspices, such a plan would be liable to so much jealousy that we cannot expect its adoption just yet. Nothing remains, therefore, but to record Mr. Anderson's farewell benefits with such recognition of the merits of the actor as may be reasonably expected.

Mr. Anderson selected the tragedy of 'Ingomar' for his opening night; and with some propriety, for it was Mr. Anderson who, during his brief management of Drury Lane, accepted the drama in question, and the stage was therefore provided with its original and appropriate scenery. The hero of the piece was exactly suited to the style of the actor, which was bold, dashing, manly, accompanied with physical requisites of indisputable quality, and a taste sufficiently refined, though not remarkably fastidious. These conditions present at once the amiable savage, whose perception only wants awakening to a sense of beauty, in order to be converted to civility and good manners. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Anderson exhibited from the first night to the appreciating public such a realization of the poet's ideal as might be accepted by the judicious for a true and genuine embodiment. Accordingly, the play was effectually planted on the stage, and 'Ingomar' is now one of the most frequently acted of modern productions.

The performance of Monday had some new features. *Actea*, the mother of the heroine, was personated by Mrs. Hugh Campbell, an actress new to west-end boards, but who has long been highly esteemed on those in the opposite quarter.

She is an actress of a large mould;—nature has been bountiful to her in the personal advantages of size and strength, and has gifted her with intelligence to make the most of them. It was evident that she had studied the part profoundly, and determined to lift it into an importance in the action of the play not generally accorded. We may safely say, that we never saw the character brought out before. Mrs. Campbell left no point untouched. The conventional, self-willed, opinionated parent and wife was thoroughly elaborated and produced. She stood before us as a distinct, unmistakeable individuality, and yet we could not help perceiving that the actress was condescending in portraying so subordinate a person, and was capable of a more leading part. It was difficult for Miss Elsworthy to support *Parthenia* in the relative position required when her mother was on the stage; nevertheless, this lady achieves a success in the character, of which she may be justly proud. We may suggest to her that she has become rather too statuesque in the character, and that a more natural style would be more becoming as well as effective. Notwithstanding its poetic beauties, the situations with Ingomar have decidedly a comic turn, as is proved by the laughter that they always irresistibly provoke, and to this *Parthenia* should yield somewhat:—stiff, unbending gesture is entirely out of place. *Myron*, the armourer, was performed by Mr. Barrett with his usual judgment and skill. The other parts were also adequately filled.

The tragedy was followed by a nautical drama, in order to do honour to the occasion by the engagement of Mr. John Douglass, the proprietor of the Standard Theatre, in one of those nautical heroes, in which Mr. Douglass is acknowledged to contest the palm with Mr. T. P. Cooke. 'Ben, the Boatswain,' is the name both of the piece and the hero. He is the picture of a faithful sailor, with his heart always in the right place,—as tender as he is brave. Fidelity is his crowning characteristic, and courage its invariable exponent. Mr. Douglass, in his rough and racy way, shows both with a decision and rapidity of style that astonishes. His dancing the hornpipe is a marvel, and his mode of fighting, a miracle. The first was encored, and the second the audience appeared to wish to be endless. However, after more intricacies than we ever previously witnessed, the strife for the flag had a termination, to the evident dissatisfaction of many who desired the continuance of a pleasurable excitement. Mr. Anderson has done well in securing the services of so able a coadjutor.

Tuesday 'The Lady of Lyons,'—and on Wednesday 'Macbeth,' were performed. In the character of *Claude Melnotte* Mr. Anderson has a part in which he need fear no competitor,—but the regicide Thane is a rôle beyond his powers. Within his limitations, however, we must recognize Mr. Anderson as an excellent actor.

STANDARD.—The Adelphi company have extended their stay at this theatre for another week,—and have introduced additional new dramas of the peculiar kind supported by them to the notice of the patrons of this theatre. These have consisted of 'Masks and Faces,'—'The Woman Hater'—and 'Who's your Friend.' By the "starring" system, as worked at this house, all that is excellent is made from time to time to culminate within its sphere,—it has yet, however, to demonstrate an originating power.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—A few words will suffice to record that the first of the three provincial musical Festivals—that at Hereford—has taken place. Having mentioned the artists who have engaged in the performances, and specified the contents of the programmes, there is little to be said till the accounts of the meeting are made up. We do not conceive, however, from the reports already published, that the result can be a satisfactory one: neither do we wonder.—Small is the attempt to make these Festivals keep pace with the times. Such interest as they possess lies in their locality, and the old-world air of "close" and "cloister" hanging round them. There is, no doubt, a picturesque solemnity in sacred music

when heard in Cathedral, as compared with Town Hall; but this, again, is balanced by indecorums which must jar on the feeling of every one who is serious—not superstitious—and who finds a talkative crowd, convened for mere purposes of amusement, discordant with the aspect and the use of a place of prayer and retreat—a place of old tombs and memories,—one, too, in which some among the living have followed their dead home. To treat an Oratorio as an act of worship, however—in which light some scrupulous people have winked at its occupancy of our cathedrals—is little less rational than giddiness among the gravestones!

It is said that Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison will produce their edition of 'Martha' at an early period of the Drury Lane season.—We understand that they have added to their company this year, Mr. Patey, a young bass singer of stage promise, who has received his training in Italy (*no Royal Academy again!*)—and who, we happen to know, possesses one accomplishment rare among Englishmen, that of singing French well. Not the best consequence of Miss L. Pyne's operatic predilections and partnerships seems to be her loss from the world of concert-music. So excellent a vocalist and steady a musician as she is should have kept higher occupation than that of appearing in flimsy operas, chiefly contrived with an eye to the music-shops;—and the tale of her career is in some sort conveyed by the fact, that she can at present take no oratorio engagement in London, and thus has not unnaturally slipped out of the place which she held at our provincial festivals.

The cry of the musical world is for tenors. Basses, baritones (there are yet newer subdivisions of low voices now a-days!) rain by the dozen into theatres;—but a gentleman with a high, higher, or highest voice, who can sing, act, look agreeable on the stage, and there make love or commit young heroism—such an *Adonis*, is indeed, a precious rarity. We are for ever hearing that a treasure of the sort has been found. The other day it was an ex-Professor of Rhetoric at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris,—this week it is an "ex-aide-de-camp" of General-Major Count de Mensdorff, M. H. D. W***, who is to come out at Vienna with a five years' engagement. May either or both fulfil the promises made for them!—may both resist the vanity which is the sin by which tenor "angels" (who have not learned to sing) are apt to fall!—Whom—to digress without impertinent digression—have we just now, in England, capable of dividing duties or of doubling them with Mr. Sims Reeves? What has become of Mr. G. Perren?—a gentleman who had, for a moment, the ball at his feet, and who could, and who should, have sung well,—not one ballad merely, but the whole range of tenor's music?—what of Mr. Miranda?—of Signor Millardi?—of Mr. Haigh?—of others more enticed out into public, and flattered with *encores*, so as to make them dispense with all necessity for future work?—From abroad we get name after name.—M. Dufresne has come out at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris as *Leopold* in 'La Juive.'—M. Warot is coming forthwith at the *Opéra Comique* in a revival of M. Auber's 'La Part du Diable.' Whether either the one or the other will "establish himself" as a tenor is, with us, problematical, to say the least of it.

A miscellaneous paragraph of Continental musical news, gleaned from the *Gazette Musicale*, must suffice for the week that is.—Miss A. Goddard has been playing at a concert of the Philharmonic Society at Boulogne.—There is to be a Musical Conservatory at St. Petersburg, at the head of which may, perhaps, be placed Count Sologub, author of the 'Tarantasse.'—M. Bosio, the well-known composer of dance-music, is dead.—'Judith, M. Émile Naumann's opera, is to be produced at Dresden towards the close of September.—Signor Ferrari's 'Il Matrimonio per Concorso' has been performed at Venice.—Signor Miceli's 'Fidanzata' at the Teatro Fondo of Naples—neither, seemingly, with success.

A young composer—Mr. F. E. Bache, of Birmingham, who should have done good service to English music, and many of whose essays have been noticed with praise (as their promise thoroughly merited) in this journal—has yielded to "the com-

mon lot," which is doubly sorrowful to bystanders when it falls on the young. Mr. Bache had been for years in bad—latterly in desperate—health. His musical talent had never come to maturity—owing to a certain restlessness of mind possibly inevitable to the position of a young English artist in these days of high civilization, when no one seems willing to wait—but it was rich in promise and power,—as was said, not long since [*Athen.* No. 1587], when his last published songs were noticed.

A Brighton paper registers the good news of such improvement having taken place in Mr. Wigan's health that that excellent actor may be expected, at no distant period, to resume his profession.—A daily contemporary announces as a fact, that Mr. Townsend, the present M.P. for Greenwich, is about to resign his seat in the House, having taken an engagement of fifty nights, to appear on the boards of a London theatre.

A new drama by Madame Dudevant will possibly be produced during the winter at the *Théâtre Français*.—At the *Gaffé* a contemporary announces that great expectations are excited by a play in rehearsal with the taking title of 'La Bigame,' for which Madame Doche has been engaged.—M. Alexandre Dumas the elder is said to have given up France for Russia, and to be doing his utmost to obtain the Direction of the French Theatre in St. Petersburg.

We have with regret to record the death of Mr. John Pritt Harley, on Sunday afternoon. It appears that on Friday evening, while performing *Launcelot Gobbo*, at the conclusion of the second act of 'The Merchant of Venice,' this eminent actor was attacked with paralysis. He had to be supported by Mr. G. Ellis, the stage-director, and was immediately conveyed, under medical direction, to his house in Gower Street. He was then not entirely insensible, for on being asked for the name of his medical adviser, he replied, "I never had a doctor in my life." When put to bed, however, his consciousness only admitted of an occasional recognition of Mr. Ellis, or of his own sister, whose attention was unremitting. Mr. Harley was never married, and had attained to the age of sixty-nine years. His life was of an even tenour, and varied with few incidents. He was the son of a silk-mercer in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and was apprenticed at the age of fifteen to a linendraper; but afterwards left that business for the writing office of Messrs. Windus & Holtaway in Took's Court. Amateur playing, however, was his delight; and in 1806 we find him a member of Mr. Jerrold's company at Southend. We then trace him to Worthing, Rochester, and Stamford, where he was famous for his thinness and his comic singing. In reference to the first he went, according to the rule of contraries, by the satiric cognomen of "Fat Jack." In 1813 he was a member of the York circuit, then of great professional importance, and which had already given to the metropolitan stage Fawcett, Cherry, Emery, Mathews and Knight. In 1815, he was engaged for the English Opera House by Mr. Arnold, and appeared on the 15th of July as *Marcelli* in 'The Devil's Bridge,' and as *Peter Fidget* in 'The Boarding House.' His great recommendation in the eyes of his manager was that "he sung his music well;" but his merits as an actor were elsewhere better appreciated. In the following September (the 16th) he made his appearance at Drury Lane, as *Lissardo* in 'The Wonder'; and, by the retirement of Bannister, came in immediately for all that actor's business. Some dispute took place between Mr. Arnold relative to his performances at Drury Lane, which partly interfered with those at the English Opera House. An action in the Court of King's Bench was the consequence, and a verdict was given against the actor for 1,000*l.*; but the forfeit, we believe, was never enforced. During the recess at Drury he was employed at the Haymarket, and sometimes acted at Covent Garden. On the failure of the patent houses, he retired into private life; but on Mr. Kean becoming lessee of the Princess's he again appeared on the boards, and has been ever since almost nightly before the public. Mr. Harley's peculiarities are familiar to us all; his mannerism was especially marked. The protrusion of his under-jaw made this more noticeable,

as he constantly rendered that feature subservient to comic effect. In stature he was of the middle height, of a light complexion and blue eyes. His voice as a singer was a counter-tenor, but in speaking was limited in compass. It had no impassioned tones, and was rendered rather ludicrous by indistinctness. His effects, indeed, were invariably the product of eccentricity. It was not possible, however, for him to pass out of his conventional manner. It was his humour at one period to play *Buskin*, and other similar parts, where the assumption of divers disguises was required. But this was entirely out of his way. Mr. Harley could not alter his voice and manner; they remained as nature had made them. "He changes," said a contemporary actor of him, "his wig, his coat and his boots; but his legs and voice are immutable, and his walk and his diction instantly betray him." His success was chiefly owing to his boundless animal spirits, and his unwearied bustle. He frequently extorted laughter at the expense of our sense of propriety, but never won applause by a touch of nature or the exact delineation of character. He never played but one—his own; but that was so piquant in its humour that it was sufficient for the public amusement of half a century.

MISCELLANEA

Knox to Queen Elizabeth.—The true text of Knox's famous letter to Queen Elizabeth on the publication of his 'First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women'—the original of which letter exists in our State Paper Office—will be welcome to some of our readers. It runs:—

"Edinburgh, July 20, 1558.

"To the virtuous and godly Eliz. by the grace of God Q. of Eng^d John Knox desirith the perpetual increase of the Holy Spirit.—As your Grace's displeasure ag^t me, most unjustly conceived, hath been and is to my wretched heart a burthen grievous and almost intolerable, so is the testimony of a clear conscience to me a stay and upholder that in desperation I sink not, wholly vehement that ever the temptations appear. For in God's presence my conscience beareth me record that maliciously nor of purpose I never offended your grace nor your realm. And therefore, howsoever I^s be judged by man, I am assured to be absolved by Him who only knows the secrets of hearts. I cannot deny the writing of a Book ag^t the usurped authority and unjust regiment of women, neither yet am I minded to retreat or to [words eaten off] any principal point or proposition of the same till truth and verity do farther appear. But why that either your grace, either yet any such as unfeignedly favor the liberty of Eng^d, should be offended at the author of such a work, I can perceive no just occasion. For first my book touched not your Grace's person in especial, neither yet was it prejudicial till any liberty of the realm, if the time of my writing be indifferently considered. How could I be enemy to your Grace's person? For deliverance whereof I did more study, and interprised farther than any of those that now accuse me. And as concerns^t your regiment how could or can I envy that which most I have trusted, and the wh^t (as oblivion will suffer) I render thanks unfeignedly unto God is, that it hath pleased him of his eternal goodness to exalt your head (which times was in danger) to the manifestation of his glory and extirpation of idolatry. And as for any offence wh^t I have committed ag^t Eng^d: either in writing that or any other work, I will not refuse that moderate and indifferent men judge and determine betwixt me and those that accuse me. To wit, whether of the parties do most hurt the liberty of Eng^d: I that affirm that no woman may be exalted above any realm to make the liberty of the same thrall to a strange, proud and evil nation, or this [they] that prove whatsoever pleaseth princes for the time. If I were as well disposed till accuse, as some of them (till their own shame) have declared themselves, I nothing doubt but that in few words I^s let reasonable men understand that some that this day lowly 'crouche' to your grace and labour to make me odious in your eyes, did in your adversity neither show themselves full friends to your grace, neither yet so loving and careful over their native country as

now they w^d be esteemed. But omitting the accusation of others, for my own purgation and for your Grace's satisfaction I say, That nothing in my book contained is, or can be, prejudicial to your Grace's just regiment, provided that ye be not found 'ungrate' unto God. Ungrate ye shall be [proved] in presence of His throne, (howsoever that flatterers justify your fact) if ye transfer the glory of that honor in wh^t ye now stand to any other thing than to the dispensation of his mercy wh^t only makes that truthful to your Grace w^t nature and law denieth to women. Neither w^t I that y^t grace s^d fear that this your humiliation before God s^t in any case infirm or weaken your just and lawful authority before men. Nay, Madam, such unfeigned confession of God's benefits received sh^t be the establishm^t of the same, not only to your self, but also to your seed and posterity. Where contrariwise, a proud conceit and elevation of yourself sh^t be the occasion that your reign shall be unstable, troublesome and short. God is witness, that unfeignedly I both love and reverence your Grace. Yea, I pray that your reign may be long, prosperous and quiet, and that for the quietness w^t Christ's members before persecuted have rec^d under you. But yet if I should flatter your grace, I were no friend, but a decievable traitor, and therefore of conscience I am compelled to say, that neither the consent of people, the process of time, nor multitude of men, can establish a law wh^t God s^t approve, and whatsoever he dammeth shall be 'condamneth,' though all men in earth w^d hazard the justification of the same. And therefore, Madam, the only way to retain and to keep those benefits of God abundantly poured now of late days upon you, and upon your realme, is unfeignedly to render unto God, to his mercy and undeserved grace, the whole glory of this your exaltation. Forget your birth and all title wh^t thereupon doth hinge, and consider deeply how for fear of your title ye did decline from God and bow till idolatry. Let it not appear a small offence in your eyes that ye have declined from Christ Jesus in the day of his battle. Neither yet w^d I that ye s^d esteem that mercy to be vulgar and common wh^t ye have rec^d. To wit, that God hath covered your former offence, hath preserved you when ye were most unthankful, and in the end hath exalted and raised you up not only from the dust, but also from the ports of death to rule above his people for the comfort of his Kirk. It appertaineth to you, therefore, to ground the justice of your authority, not upon that law which from year to year doth change, but upon the eternal providence of Him who, contrary to nature and without your deserving, hath thus exalted your head. If thus in God's presence ye humble yourself, as in my heart I glory [the] wise God for that rest granted to his afflicted flock within Eng^d: under you a weak instrument, so will I with tongue and pen justify your authority and regiment as the Holy Ghost hath instituted the same in 'Deborn,' that blessed mother in Israel. But if, these premises (as God forbid) neglected, ye s^t begin to brag of your birth and build your authority upon your own law, flatter you who so list, your felicity sh^t be short. Interpret my rude words in the best part, as written by him who is no enemy to your grace. By divers letters I am required to visit your realme, not to seek my self, neither my own ease or commodity, wh^t if ye now refuse and deny, I must remit my [word blotted]. Adding this for conclusion, that commonly it is seen that such [as refuse t] the counsel of the faithful (be it never so sharp) are compelled to follow the deceit of flatterers to their own perdition. The mighty spirit of the Lord Jesus move your heart to understand what is said, give unto you the discretion of spirits, and so rule you in all your actions and enterprises that in you God may be glorified, his Church edified, and ye yourself, as a lively member of the same, may be an example and mirror of virtue and of Godly love till others. So be it.—By your Grace's wholly to command in godliness."

To CORRESPONDENTS.—D. F.—G. W.—J. M.—W. P. S.

—W. B.—received.

K. received, with thanks. We inadvertently spoke, in the *Athenæum* of August 14, of Baron Fairfax, of the United States, as an English, when he is, in fact, a Scotch Peer.

ON ART EDUCATION.

TO MY FELLOW ARTISTS.

We live in an age of varied mental excitement, which is, without doubt, also reflected in the artistic productions of the day. There is an evident and unmistakable tendency to transcend the prevalent dilettantism, and to turn to a deeper conception of the objects of Art, both in substance and origin. In a period of such enterprise, it is natural that we should meet with many extravagances, premature attempts either in one direction or another, and even with vague and unhealthy theories.

Many—too many—pens are constantly at work to enrich and improve Art and Science, and when I venture to add a few words on this subject, I do so solely from a desire to aid by my humble authority the removal and suppression of a particular mode of writing on Art. Too long already has this class of literature (like a parasite) fed on the tree which it had the presumption to fancy it could adorn! My chief aim in penning these lines is to direct attention to early artistic education, and by propounding my own views and mode of conception, to suggest help where it is needed. Much hardness, partiality, or, expressed in a milder form, much diversity of judgment will hereby be engendered; yes, many a one who adheres to a different mode of conception will probably feel offended. This, however, will be so far useful, as every one who thinks these lines worthy of attention will recognize instantly, that it is a distinct personality with which he has to deal, and after having made himself familiar with his mode of thought, very little exertion will enable him to interpret the writer's judgment after his own fashion.

Every true artist will agree with me that the fundamental, consequently most important step in artistic education, is the *training of the eye into harmony with the development of the mind*. It is an old story, yet always new, that the labour of thinking is indispensable in the life of all classes of men, and with regard to Art it is just as indispensable that from the commencement mind and eye should be educated together; for artistic studies are intimately related to observation and reflection. It is such a thorough education which distinguishes the genuine artist from ordinary men. He regards the world from an entirely different point of view, and discovers in it a multitude of charms which are *uniquely for ever hidden from others*. His constant habit of uniting seeing with thinking endows him with the power of understanding airtight, where an unpractised eye would perceive nothing but hieroglyphics.

I entirely coincide with those of my fellow artists, who condemn the practice of constant mechanical copying, and endeavour rather to lead the student entrusted to their care as soon as possible to the only original and productive fountain—Nature.

Drawing from the object itself instead of from copies compels the student to think, and imparts to him in a very short time a power of perception utterly unattainable by any other method. But when the seed which the teacher sows does not fall into well prepared soil, and rain and sunshine do not help to quicken it, the prospect of an abundant harvest becomes more than doubtful. There must certainly be some kind of preparatory education. The sense of desire for the Beautiful must have been awakened before it can be satisfied; hunger alone can digest. Only such things, however, as it can assimilate should be given to each stomach; but it cannot be denied, that our modern method of education is based on the supposition of a normal stomach.

When, now, I have the presumption emphatically to pronounce the word "Perspective," and boldly venture to fold the flag of this much-neglected Unfortunate, I can imagine vividly the pliffls sneers which such a daring attempt in certain learned quarters will produce. I have made use of the word "Perspective" deliberately, because the term is current, but what I design to convey by it is nothing less than the science of seeing—or of perceiving correctly!

It is the first object of the discipline of Art to be, or become, able to give a faithful representation of the objects before him. The sole and true teacher of this is Perspective—in the fullest extent of its meaning.

Drawing—painting—is a representation of appearances of objects; the appearances are governed by the laws of Optics, the corollaries of those laws—forming Perspective—govern the representation of appearances of objects. They are the magic keys that open to the student the entrance to the mysteries of his art.

The student's attention must also immediately be directed to the fact, that in order to produce a rational image of the object placed before him, it is absolutely necessary to observe closely, and to regard every object sufficiently long, for the mind to catch and to retain both form and colour accurately, ere the pencil attempts an embodied reproduction of it on paper, for just as with a camera obscura so is it with our eye, the image of the object abides on the retina only so long as the eye rests on it, every variation from the first fixed direction instantly obliterates the former image. Perspective is the Alphabet of Art, and it is the more necessary that it should be prac-

tised early, as in younger years the mind is better able to attain it than in a more advanced age.

Let those who deem these lines worthy of attention rest assured, that nobody can possess more experience than I do myself of the number of scruples and difficulties that have to be overcome in enlisting some pupils to study Perspective, especially when it is taught in that irrational, planless manner, which I must with sorrow say is generally adopted. Too many mathematical subtleties, linear conflicts, alarm beginnings (especially those of the fairest sex) and fill them with a natural aversion, which deters them from penetrating through the shell to the sound and healthy kernel. An excessively number of books have been written and are continually appearing with the avowed object of naturalizing Perspective, but the result attained is entirely contrary to that intended. For example, it is repelling to the beginner (it is perfectly ridiculous to the artist) if he sees that, simply to draw a chair, box, &c., he has to penetrate such an enormous web of lines before he can with difficulty observe the required object itself. It is only a few weeks ago that I had a newly published book of that kind sent to me for perusal. I waded through it with great patience, but the only satisfaction which I have for my lost time is, that, at least, to my friends, this loss of precious time will once for all be saved. This may sound hard language, but no critique can be too severe in this respect, in order to combat effectively this thoughtless fashion of needlessly perplexing the learner. Many a shot will yet have to be fired to effect the eradication of this nuisance, as well as other quackeries. Perspective—the art of seeing airtight—must not be thought separately, but in union with the observation of Nature. The instructor must possess sufficient tact to be able to keep clear of everything too strikingly mathematical, and to reduce the whole to simple principles. It will even be a very good method at first not to let the beginner know that he has the so-much-feared Perspective before him. By such a method he will at length arrive at the conclusion that what is current under the name of Perspective is, in fact, nothing but a most requisite accessory in Art, namely, the power of seeing accurately. Let us take two beginners, both of *absolutely equal capacity*, the one resolutely applies himself to the acquirement of this necessary auxiliary—Perspective, whilst the other without ceremony attempts to draw from Nature. The latter will only, after a considerable loss of precious time, if ever, be able to reproduce Nature with truth and feeling on the canvas,—a pleasing result, no doubt,—which, however, with moderate zeal, the former attains in a comparatively short period, and that with certainty. This is my decided conviction, based on and supported by experience. I am perfectly aware that by recommending the study of Perspective, founded on the contemplation of Nature, as an indispensable preparatory auxiliary discipline, no thinking man (and for the opinion of others I do not care) will accuse me of depreciating other studies out of regard for Perspective. Fully convinced of the truth that—

Truth art can ne'er remain,
True Art can ne'er remain,

I, nevertheless, recommend Perspective from the first, as a necessary, sure and faithful guide for every student of Art. Indeed, it would be well if such teachers as have hitherto regarded this study as secondary, pretending that it is not necessary (if they spoke the truth they would confess, "Nemo dat, qui non habet"), would follow me. As the diamond can only be polished by the diamond, so the artist is only refined by the artist, and therefore, as a true and sincere fellow-worker and friend, I would, as the result of my own studies, recommend to certain young painters, earnestly and attentively to cultivate Perspective simultaneously with their other studies, particularly if it has been neglected in former years. I desire them to reflect that returning to a former position will be an advance, when the last step has been a retreat. The foundation of all real improvement is the recognition of an evil. That other *so-called* artists should speak with contempt of Perspective is not to be wondered at. They are altogether incapable of comprehending anything—they cannot recognize anything as an advance which passes their limited vision. It is a melancholy fact in Art that, almost in proportion to the failing of imagination in the regions of Art, is the growth of self-conceit itself. That pride is a clog to progress, and the beginning of decline will be keenly felt by any one who visits our Galleries of Art, as he will there become convinced that by only a very few really good modern productions, the apparent splendour of many others serves only to shield their inner nothingness. When I think of these profaners of Art I cannot help considering how many inferior artists, now in want of their daily bread, would be able to support their families honestly as excellent house-painters, and thus render their contemporaries some real and recognizable service. What an embarrassment it will prove to the archaeologists of future days, when in the lapses of ages many such *so-called* works of Art of our present age are destined to be discovered! I should like to ask those who venture, when speaking of Perspective, to say that small offences against the laws of Perspective in an otherwise good picture do not diminish the value of the composition,—Why must a fine work of

Art be disfigured, even by small defects, when they can so easily be avoided? Trifles make perfection. Does not even the smallest stain on a noble countenance spoil its matchless beauty?

But grievous, most grievous and disheartening is it to the honest teacher of Art to see minds, in all other respects honest and meritorious, go so far astray—as, for instance, John Ruskin, who, meriting, as he does, so much respect for his many services to Art, is yet guilty of an unpardonable literary indiscretion when he says:—

In the Preface to his "Elements And in his "Modern Painters" of Drawing."

"Perspective is not of the slightest use, except in rudimentary art. No great painters, even troubadours, were about Perspective, and very few of them knew its laws."

"Turner, though he was Professor of Perspective at the Royal Academy, did not know what he professed, and never, as far as I remember, made a single building in true perspective in his life; he drew them only with as much perspective as suited him."

"Turner's knowledge of Perspective probably adds to the power in the arrangement of every other subject, but ignorance on this point is rather a benefit than a knowledge of Perspective. It is disgraceful, for instance, that any man should commit such palpable and atrocious errors in order to practice Perspective, as are made in Claude's sea-piece, No. 12, or in the carved portion, No. 13, N. G.; but still those are not points to be dwelt on, as though we have anything to do with artistic rank, just as though we should say it was disgraceful if a great poet could not spell; but we should not consider such a defect as in any way taking from his poetical works."

—What does the logical thinker say to such contradictions? What was Mr. Ruskin about? Surely his intellect is clear enough to know that the reverse of right and wrong is scarcely so dangerous as its distortion? I for my own part should not wish to reply on this subject any further than by interpreting it as a literary somersault.

Doubtless it must be taken for granted that every disciple of Art has made it his aim to be or become a perfect artist. Just as little as any one can be a qualified poet until he has obtained a perfect knowledge of his language, and made himself master of the whole range of its form and structure, of the elegance of expression, the vivacity and choice of words, and knows the harmony of sound and the laws of rhythm, so little can any one pretend to be or become an accomplished artist without certain fundamental studies,—i.e., without a correct knowledge of the laws of Perspective. What the accident of his language is to the poet, that is Perspective—the art of seeing—to every artist—the foundation. A real artist will know very well how to regard Ruskin's dictio on Perspective; and on schools of Art, which are conducted by true artists, it will exercise no pernicious influence; but other teachers of Art, who, when working in the right direction, could elevate the people's taste for the Fine Arts, will be likely to suffer from it. The ignorant masses generally blindly follow the leaders and writers on Art, and as soon as anything is asserted by either the one or other (which, without meaning to give offence, at times be the greatest nonsense), they catch it forth after them like so many parrots, and take no trouble whatever to submit it to a deeper scrutiny. All those, indeed, who refuse to see by the same master, or even dare to oppose him, are systematically ignored. An artist, for instance, teaching in a family, is desirous to raise his pupil to some eminence; if he incline to follow his own plan it is probable, nay almost certain, that the young gentleman or lady will perily suggest that such and such a master is of a different opinion, and therefore decline to submit themselves to the proposed discipline. Instead of obtaining redress from Mamma, who claims to be a critic, the poor artist is opposed in this quarter, and even more through the appeal to some such book.

A dependent artist will be constrained simply to bite his lips; an independent one will strive as soon as possible to regain a healthier atmosphere, and taking the shortest route to the door, will leave the Art-illuminated company with his blessing.

Thus much have I to say for the present, since both my time and space are limited. Whether these honest wishes will be considered worthy of attention, I must leave undecided. A full account as to how I think that artistic studies should be directed and practised, will be found in my work (already in the press) which consists of a course of illustrative lectures. Having at the outset of it been guided by the words of LEONARDO DA VINCI:—

"Chi non può quel che vuol', quel che può voglia,"

—I now leave it to the judgment of all true artists to say whether they have been applied rightly or not.

ADOLPHE LE VENGEUR.

Marseilles.

TO THE MINISTERS OF THE NEW CHURCH IN GREAT BRITAIN.—Dear Brethren, a glorious message has flashed across the Atlantic, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." Query: Is this not a time for active public exertion? It is beautiful indeed to build up the Church internally, by placing before us, as essential to our progress, the "Truths of the New Dispensation." But surely a period has now arrived for strong external active duties also. Pray set apart a Sabbath for the express purpose of calling attention to the great fact of the New Era. Let your text be, "Behold, it is made at this time now." For before the Sabbath of all wonderful events that have occurred since the illustrious *Swedenborg* declared that the Second Advent had dawned upon the world, and show that this latest and greatest triumph is but a prelude to more—prove that reason, philosophy, and science, by their instrumentality, the means of salvation—in short, put forth in particular, in the glorious light of the New Dispensation, and you will prevent good but doubting minds from falling into Despair—many an estimable Newman and a Pusey from taking shelter in forms, ceremonies, and ordinances of the old. On all these subjects, and on the most that the great militancy against true theology, Mormonism and the Social Evil will be seen in their blackest horrors when contrasted with the pure, beautiful, and heavenly sentiments of the New Church on Conjugal Love. The co-existence and close relationship of a Spiritual and a Natural Church, the means to which the world will be the happy medium of establishing in human souls the chief Corner Stone of all religion, the Sole and Supreme Divinity of the Glorified Humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ. Dear Brethren, receive my best kind regards; and let us all live in love and in the method of the New Dispensation. *Swedenborg's* Writings for themselves, and join with us in ascribing to God the Highest Glory, whilst extending His Dominion of peace and good will by a strict observance of His commandments.

J. T.
Carlton Lodge, Oakland's Park,

Aug. 25, 1858.

BRITISH COLOMBIA.

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